Week ending November 10 1945 Every Thursday—Threepence

JOHN BULL

JOHN BULL TO-DAY No 2 Village Postman by Stanley Herbert

STRIKES ARE OUT-OF-DATE by Herbert Hodge

LISTEN TO YOUR **WISER** SELF!

Been a bit forgetful about your Savings Stamps recently? Then pay great attention to what your wiser self says. "Keep on buying National Savings Stamps—as many as you can each week and don't rush to spend until there's a wider choice in the shops."

BECAUSE

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FOOD FACTS

Some Seasonable Soups

Because food value and fuel economy are both important nowadays, choose soups to suit the times. Serve quickly-cooked vegetable soups, based on vegetable water or stock made from meat cubes or vegetable extract. Make them nourishing and sustaining enough for a main dish by adding builder — milk, cheese, eggs, fish, meat, peas, beans or soya. Or try broths, made with part of the meat ration, served instead of meat. Because it leaves them no appetite for a meat course, children should *not* be filled up with large servings of soup, unless the soup is a main dish containing a good helping of builder.

SOME SOUP OCCASIONS

For a mid-morning snack or for a night-cap serve vegetable or cream soup. For an appetiser at dinner, a *small* portion of light vegetable soup. As a main dish for lunch, dinner or supper, soups should contain body-building food, e.g. Fish Soup, Scotch Broth, or Vegetable Soup with Sausage or Soya Dumplings. If a vegetable soup *without* builder is served, follow this with a salad or savoury dish containing fish, meat, eggs or cheese.

BASIC STOCK FOR SOUPS

Good soups can be made without meat or bone stock. Use vegetable water left over after cooking vegetables, or for a quickly-made stock, dissolve meat or yeast extract in boiling water.

Quick Soup

Enough for 4. Ingredients: ½ lb. mixed vegetables, including some cabbage and onion, ½ oz. cooking fat or dripping, 2 pints of water, 1 level teaspoon meat extract, 2 level teaspoons salt, pinch of pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. *Method:* Prepare vegetables. Shred the cabbage finely, chop the onion and grate the root vegetables. Melt the fat or dripping and fry the vegetables gently for about 5 minutes. Pour the liquid on to the vegetables, add seasoning and meat extract. Bring to the boil and boil gently for 10-15 minutes; sprinkle with parsley and serve at once.

Scotch Broth

Enough for 4. Ingredients: 1 oz. pearl barley, ½ lb. boiling beef, 2 pints of water, ½ lb. carrot, diced, 1 lb. swede, diced, 3 oz. onion or leek, sliced, 2 oz. cabbage, sliced, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. *Method:* Blanch the barley by pouring on boiling water, leaving a minute or two and then straining. Bring barley, beef and water to boil, skim and simmer for 1 hour. Add the prepared vegetables (except the cabbage, salt and pepper and cook for 1½-2 hours longer, add cabbage 15 minutes before serving. Place chopped parsley in the tureen, pour in the broth (after skimming off any superfluous fat) The meat is served as a separate course. Extra vegetables, cut in large pieces, may be cooked in the broth to serve round the meat.

MORE FOOD FACTS BY RADIO AT 8.20 A.M. ON THURSDAYS

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 277

Dependable as ever

One can always depend upon "Player's" for cool pleasure and calm enjoyment.

Player's Please

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT TOBACCO

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CONQUERS coughs

FAMEL SYRUP (BRAND)

Optrex Ltd., Perivale, Middlesex

Invisible Scarecrow Protects 20 Acres

Farmer Futura will take no chances with his new season's sowing. By arrangement with his local ELECTRONIC CROP PRESERVATION ASSOCIATION he will install a simple piece of apparatus which will completely — and harmlessly — protect 20 acres of valuable seed from the ravages of birds.

Did you say "Fantastic"? Well — maybe. But we of Mullard, who have carried on research in the limitless field of Electronics say "Nothing is impossible — in the homes, in the offices and in the industries of tomorrow."

Electronics in Industry to-day
Many people like brown eggs best. Egg sorting stations are using ELECTRONIC COLOUR-SEPARATORS to sort the brown from the white eggs.
Valves have solved many industrial problems. If you need advice, think of Mullard.

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THE DOMINANT NAME IN ELECTRONICS

Radio Valves and other Electron Tubes

THE MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE CO. LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVE. W.C.2 (1091)

And now...pay your debt to him ...

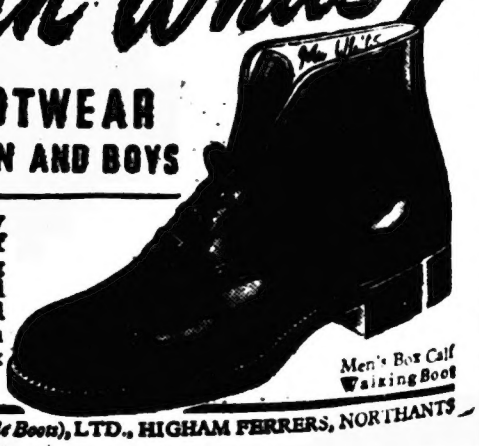
SUPPORT THE ARMY BENEVOLENT FUND PATRON H.M. THE KING

Send a Thanksgiving Peace Donation to Field-Marshal The Earl of Cavan, 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1. ★Organisers of Victory Celebrations are specially asked to donate the proceeds to the Army Benevolent Fund

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

John White

FOOTWEAR FOR MEN AND BOYS



The signature borne by millions of pairs of Service footwear during the war years, will ensure comfort and satisfaction in wear in the days of peace—look for the name.

Men's Box Calf Walking Boot

JOHN WHITE (*Impregnable Boots*), LTD., HIGHAM FERRERS, NORTHANTS

The hands that punch a thousand tickets ....

kept beautiful with

L'Onglex Powder NAIL POLISH

Back on the old job or starting a new

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

will keep your shoes smart and comfortable

Black, Brown & Tonette.
In Tins - 3d. & 6d.

write to JOHN BULL about it

If you are worried and need advice, we will find a practical answer to your problems. Hundreds of readers are helped weekly by JOHN BULL

CAN G.I.'s MAKE HOMES IN BRITAIN?

"MY DAUGHTER has recently become engaged to an American soldier. In the event of their getting married can he live in England after the marriage, if he wishes? If so, will he have to be naturalised? And if he marries my daughter, can he be demobilised in England? I am prepared to set them up in business."

✓ Lucky man! The American, I mean. Once he gets through the official part of the business he can settle down. But the process will be complicated.

In the first place he will have to return to America for demobilisation. He can then apply to his nearest British Consulate for permission to return here. If this is granted he will need an authorisation by the United States Government before he can sail.

On his arrival over here he will have to get permission to trade or to accept employment. This will be allowed only if he can fill a position for which there are no British subjects available.

Naturalisation was suspended in Great Britain in 1940. It will probably be resumed shortly, and it is likely that preference will be shown to men who fought with this country. That was the hope expressed by Mr. Churchill.

Although we have the greatest sympathy for those who would like to make their homes among us, it would be unfair to grant permissions that might injure our own people. Other countries feel as we do about it.

They Share the House

"MY WIFE AND I have bought a house after renting it for years at 15s. 2d. per week. My wife's parents are living with us, and pay 7s. 6d. rent to us. Do I have to pay income tax on the house? I am already paying on my wages."

✓ Yes. The annual value of the house will be assessed for income tax under Schedule A, and you will have to pay from the date of purchase. If the house is not freehold you will deduct income tax at 10s. in the £ from the ground rent, and you will have to pay an equivalent amount under Schedule A on January 1st each year.

The balance of this assessment is taken into account in revising your P.A.Y.E. coding. The amount of additional tax payable depends on your income from all sources.

P.O.W's War Damage

"WILL YOU ADVISE ME about making a claim for war damage to my home? You will think it rather late in the day to do this, but I have been a prisoner of war in the East and got back only a short time ago. My wife and children have been evacuated and have not made claims. I have been told that I can still claim, but I don't know how to set about it."

✓ It must have been a shock to you to return after years as a prisoner to find that your home wasn't there. However, you are quite right in thinking that you can still make a claim for war damage.

You should apply to the Assistance Board in your area for an official form P.C.S.4. If you don't know where the Assistance Board is to be found, ask any man or woman who has been in the wardens' service.

Next, you should fill in the form in detail making a total claim for all the damage suffered. Send the form to the District Valuer, whose address you will find on the form itself.

You don't say whether your home was completely destroyed or only badly damaged. Where damage is considerable, the Assistance Board may not always pay the whole of the valuation of loss. They can only make limited advances.

If you are unable, without hardship, to wait for the remainder until a general settling date (not yet announced), you should apply to the local officer of Customs and Excise. You can get his address from any post office.

Furniture and certain furnishings for replacement cannot be obtained without permits and priority dockets. Application for these can be made on form U.F.D.I.A., which you can get from any Citizens' Advice Bureau. Ask at a post office for the address.

It will take some time be-

Continued on page 22

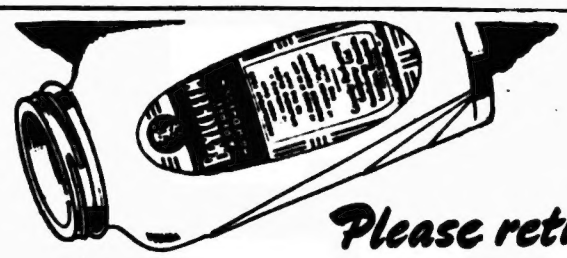
JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

'Good Mornings' begin with Gillette

You start with a swing and you're right in top gear when you shave with these fine-tempered blades all the year! Blue Gillette, 3d each, 'Standard' Gillette (plain steel) 2d each, including Purchase Tax.



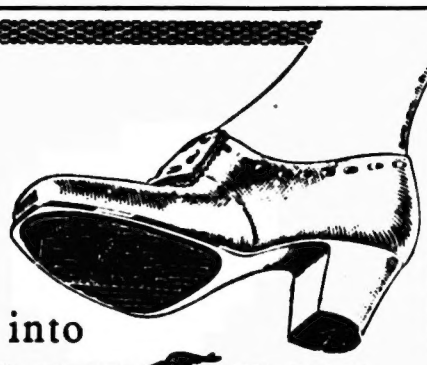
Please return BRYLCREEM bottles when empty

There is an acute shortage of bottles. So if you will return the empties to the shop where you get your Brylcreem it will help us to keep up supplies.

THANK YOU!

County Perfumery Co., Ltd., 17-19, Stratford Place, London, W.1 royds 8130

Longer wear and greater comfort are built into



GOODYEAR SOLES & HEELS

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS GOODYEAR TYRE

Rich Ruby Sweet White British Sherry

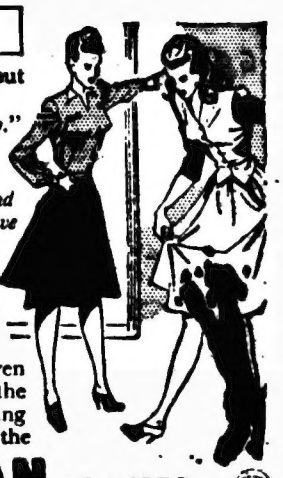
V.P. POINT BRAND wines 6/6

ALL THE GOODNESS OF THE GRAPE

Produced and bottled by Vine Products Ltd., Kingston, Surrey

HAPPY ACCIDENT

"Get down, you bad dog! Look!—he's put muddy paw marks all over my skirt."
"Outside you little brute! Joan, dear, I'm so sorry."
"Now, I'll have to go home and change my skirt."
"Don't do that, Joan. Pop on my new dirndl and let me wash and iron yours. Thank goodness I've got some Sylvan Flakes."
"Sylvan? How did you find it?"
"I didn't. I always ask for Sylvan by name, and my grocer lets me have it—when he can. It's sold loose, but I know my Sylvan by its whiteness."
"That's real news. I'll even forgive your little dog for the sake of some Sylvan. Bring him in and let's get on with the washing."



SYLVAN FLAKES

NOW SOLD LOOSE. YOU CAN TELL THEM BY THEIR EXTRA WHITENESS

6.Bd

When your head seems full of problems—
-- oh! for a soothing cup of ROWNTREE'S COCOA

Hurrah for Spa

—it's a MAGNIFICENT toothbrush

John Freeman & Co., Ltd.,
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Beauty & Efficiency unite in forthcoming

HMV

ELECTRIC HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES

IRONS • FIRES • KETTLES
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A BISCUIT KEEPS YOU GOING...

As a compact energy food Biscuits are easily carried and make a meal in a moment.

Issued by the Cake and Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance Ltd.

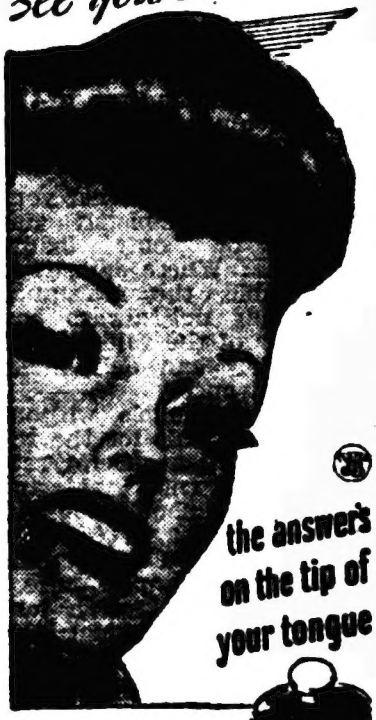
Here's FOOD

● The energising goodness of WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT helps your system to withstand fatigue. Easily digested, appetising—and always ready to serve—here is the breakfast food for busy workers. 8d. packet (3 points).

WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT

Made by The Shredded Wheat Co. Ltd., WELwyn GARden City, Herts.

Do people love to see you smile?



the answer's on the tip of your tongue

Use Pepsodent. Then feel with your tongue how its super-cleansing Irium has flushed stain-collecting film clean away.

7½d. and 1/3. Pepsodent Tooth Paste 1/3 and 2/2

'Mars are marvellous'

They certainly are! Just chunks of sheer delicious goodness made with chocolate to sustain, glucose to energise, milk to nourish.

Mars

ZONED TO THE SOUTH

MAKE A DATE FOR YOUR PENSION

Secure a definite income at a chosen age through a

PEARL PENSION ASSURANCE

EXAMPLE OF BENEFITS
(suppose for a man aged 35 next birthday)

FOR YOURSELF AT AGE 60—
Annual income for life . £170
Cash option instead of the income . . . £2,000
Guaranteed bonuses . . £250

FOR YOUR DEPENDANTS—
Cash payment in the event of your death before age 60 £2,000
Bonuses at a guaranteed rate.
Premium payments rank for Income Tax abatement

ENQUIRY FORM

To PEARL ASSURANCE CO. LTD., HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1
Please let me know the annual cost of securing a yearly income of £..... at age..... (other benefits proportionate) Date of Birth.....
Name .....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)
Address.....
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½d. Stamp only if envelope unsealed

J.B.75 (10-11-45)

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion with PALMOLIVE

4d Incl. Tax

NO ALIBI IF NATIONALISATION FAILS

Wider knowledge of international affairs: Money grants to war leaders. Dartmoor for young offenders? Square deal for West Africans. Jazzing up economics

THE STATE ACCEPTS supreme responsibility for civil aviation. This is a major decision. Government ranks rejoice—the Opposition writhes.

We believe the decision was a proper one. Civil Aviation is scarcely in its infancy. But it is destined to be a great and ever-growing industry of vast social as well as commercial significance.

The Government was elected by the people pledged to nationalisation policies. In Civil Aviation it starts with a fairly clean sheet. Its policy can be clearly and accurately tested.

We see no reason why the Opposition should not welcome this fact. They and the country now have a supreme test case of nationalisation. There will be no alibi if it fails.

Winster Wondered

It was not until a few days before the actual announcement that the Government's Civil Aviation decision was actually made. There had been the closest consultation with the Labour Parliamentary Group's Civil Aviation Committee. There are many able, experienced airmen M.P.s in its membership.

Railway and shipping interests had previously taken every opportunity to make out and amplify their case.

Wing-Commander John Strachey, Under-Secretary of State, had points of view to put. Out of all this, it was Lord Winster's task to submit the final nationalisation recommendations for Cabinet approval.

Opposition Handicap

In opposing the exclusion of private interests from the plan, the Opposition suffers from a tactical disadvantage of considerable importance.

Within the last few weeks, many members of the Conservative front-bench have joined the ranks of railway directors. Sir John Anderson, Henry Willink, Harvie-Watt (Winston Churchill's former Parliamentary Private Secretary) are among them.

A powerful section of Conservative opinion already holds the view that this almost daily return of so many Conservative leaders back to big business is a bad thing for the Party.

It certainly gives Labour a powerful debating weapon. The first railway-director M.P. who criticises the omission of railways from share holdings in civil aviation will certainly find it so.

Labour Sweeps On

WE SAID LAST WEEK that the municipal election results would be found to underline the nation's General Election decision. But—let's be honest—the sweeping Labour gains were even greater than we expected; particularly in such well-to-do districts as Wimbledon and Kingston.

The deliberately austere statements of the Government since it assumed office have evidently not discouraged a large part of the nation: here is fresh proof that politicians need not promise the moon to impress the electorate, and that plans are now more likely to win votes than harum-scarum warnings of "red ruin."

Institute of Internationalists

FROM ITS FAMOUS headquarters at Chatham House, London, the Royal Institute of International Affairs seeks to encourage the study of international affairs.

Throughout the war it sought to supply, collect and pass on to students factual information on foreign affairs. Its influence and prestige grew so much that it became almost completely identified abroad with the British Foreign Office—a fact much regretted by its leading lights, including Lord Astor, chairman of the Institute's Council.

Now the Institute is going afield. It is setting up provincial branches. Manchester members of the Institute have met. John Coatman, B.B.C. North Regional Director, was in the chair. They have ambitious plans under way, with the city's leading journalists, scholars and other personalities all pledging active support. We wish this venture well.

It's Your Business

For far too long the average man and woman have made the bad mistake of thinking the study of foreign affairs was reserved for the experts. A fine mess has resulted!

Foreign policy in the hands of professional diplomats bears much of the responsibility for two World Wars. It must not happen a third time.

But there are hopeful signs. More and more young people particularly have realised that this is a shrinking world. Coming back to "civvy street" with wide experience of men and things abroad, ex-Servicemen and women by the tens of thousands are recruits to the belief that in foreign affairs, knowledge is power.

Book Barometer

THAT IS WHY during the war publishers were reporting an amazing growing demand for books on these subjects. That demand, largely thwarted by the paper shortage, will be a permanent feature of the bookselling business.

And a very good thing too. Even with book prices at their present high levels, any work on foreign affairs seems to sell out editions almost on the day of publication.

Local libraries report a steady increase in requests for standard works on international affairs. Splendid! The libraries must see the demand is met.

Nowell Knows

At the Manchester meeting over which Coatman presided this point was well made by Mr. Charles Nowell, the City Chief Librarian.

He told Manchester members of the Royal Institute that he would oppose the proposal of some of them to set up a special members' library. He wanted rather an extension of the services provided by the Manchester Central Library. He regards private book collections as largely wasteful. He is right.

"General" Grants

ON OCTOBER 13 we stated that the Government would not follow the last war precedent of making large financial grants to war leaders. Mr. Attlee's statement to Parliament confirmed our judgment.

JOHN BULL, like Attlee, is deeply grateful to the great names by land, sea and air who were architects of victory. We are equally grateful to humbler men and women with names like Smith, Jones, Robinson, and Brown.

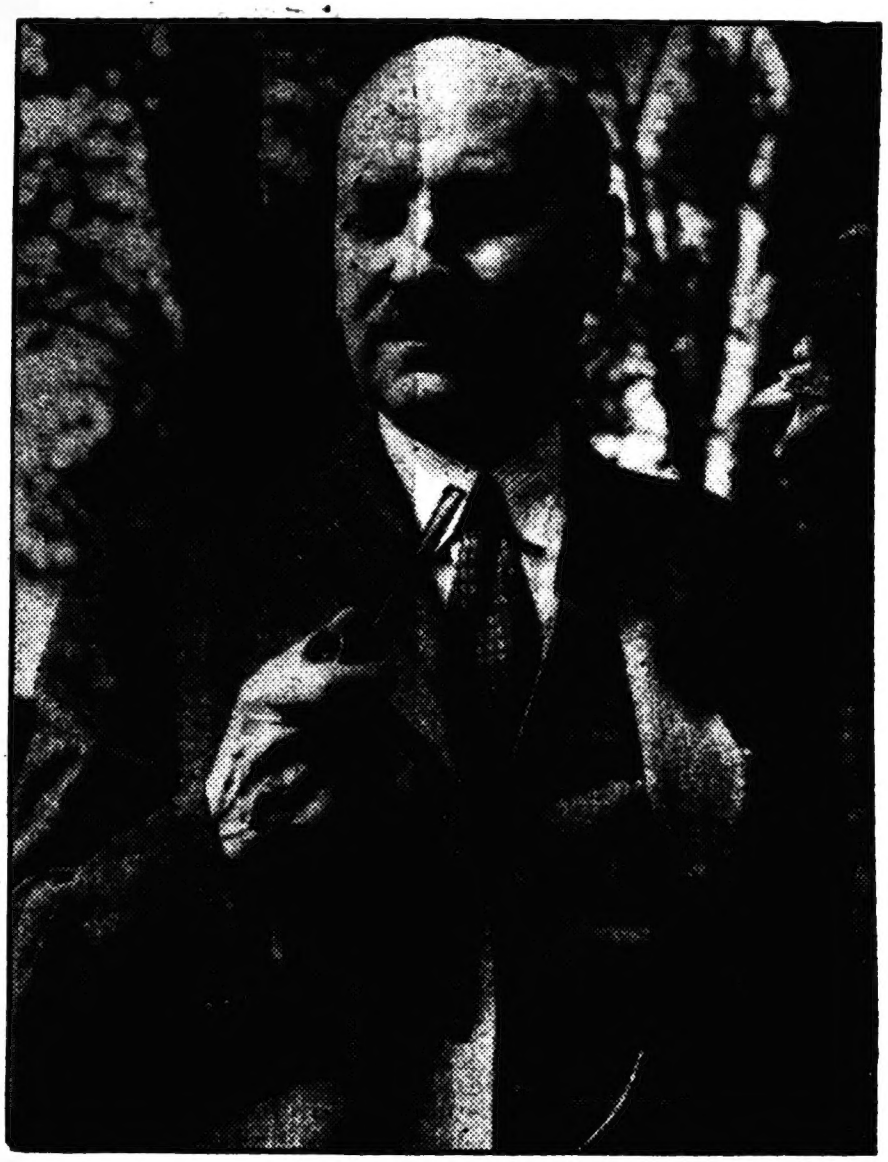
They were the real stuff of triumph. Not all of them wore uniform. It was a people's war in the real sense: soldiers and civilians alike fought, suffered and died. In such circumstances, it would, in our opinion, have been a bad mistake to single out any, no matter how eminent, to receive big money gifts from the State.

"Poppy" Paupers

After all, this Saturday is "Poppy Day," when we all buy little paper flowers to provide modest comforts and assistance for those who sacrificed limbs and health in the nation's service.

Those poppies are made by crippled Servicemen, in the British Legion factory. The contrast between their lot and that of those who lead them skilfully in battle is already great.

Why accentuate it further by money gifts to the great so long as we have Poppy Days for the small? We found it difficult to understand Mr. Churchill's intervention in this matter. In his speech to Parliament it seems to us he endeavoured to score political points out of the proposal for a comprehensive motion of Parliament's heartfelt



Mr. Attlee, off to Washington, will need those qualities of firmness and good humour depicted here. See our leading article on page 7

FIRE! STORM! FLOOD!

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader a Comprehensive Household Insurance including protection for furniture and other personal effects against FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc.

Readers not already registered or who have changed address or newsagent can obtain Registration Forms from JOHN BULL'S Insurance Dept., 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

thanks to all who served in the war. That seemed to us unworthy of Mr. Churchill.

Pensions Probe

MEANWHILE, WILFRED PALING, Minister of Pensions, and his Government colleagues are hard at work planning improvements of the Royal Warrant governing pensions. They are particularly and rightly concerned about disablement rates to our former fighting men.

The Government cannot move too swiftly in this matter. On the Government back benches there are scores of young M.P.s who came straight from their units to fight elections and win their way into Parliament.

They can be relied upon to supply any "prodding" if it be needed about pension scales. As it is, they are being patient. They are giving the Government time to settle down before it produces a detailed Pensions plan. That plan must give elementary justice to ex-soldiers, sailors and airmen whose treatment by the State so far has been almost "Scroogelike."

Dark Decision

BY THE TIME this is read we hope a bad decision will be under reconsideration. It is incredible that the Home Office should ever have decided to transform Dartmoor into a Borstal Institution.

It is even more incredible that Chuter Ede, present Home Secretary, should support this savage, senseless proposal.

Ex-schoolmaster, a magistrate of wide experience, Chuter Ede has spent a lifetime serving humanitarian causes. He has been in the forefront of every fight for a civilised approach to the problems of youthful crime.

The News We Want

From M.P.s, from welfare organisations, from scores of other influential sources protests have been pouring into the Home Office.

They are not long-haired besandalled sentimentalists who bitterly attack this dark-age decision to condemn young people to the Dartmoor cells.

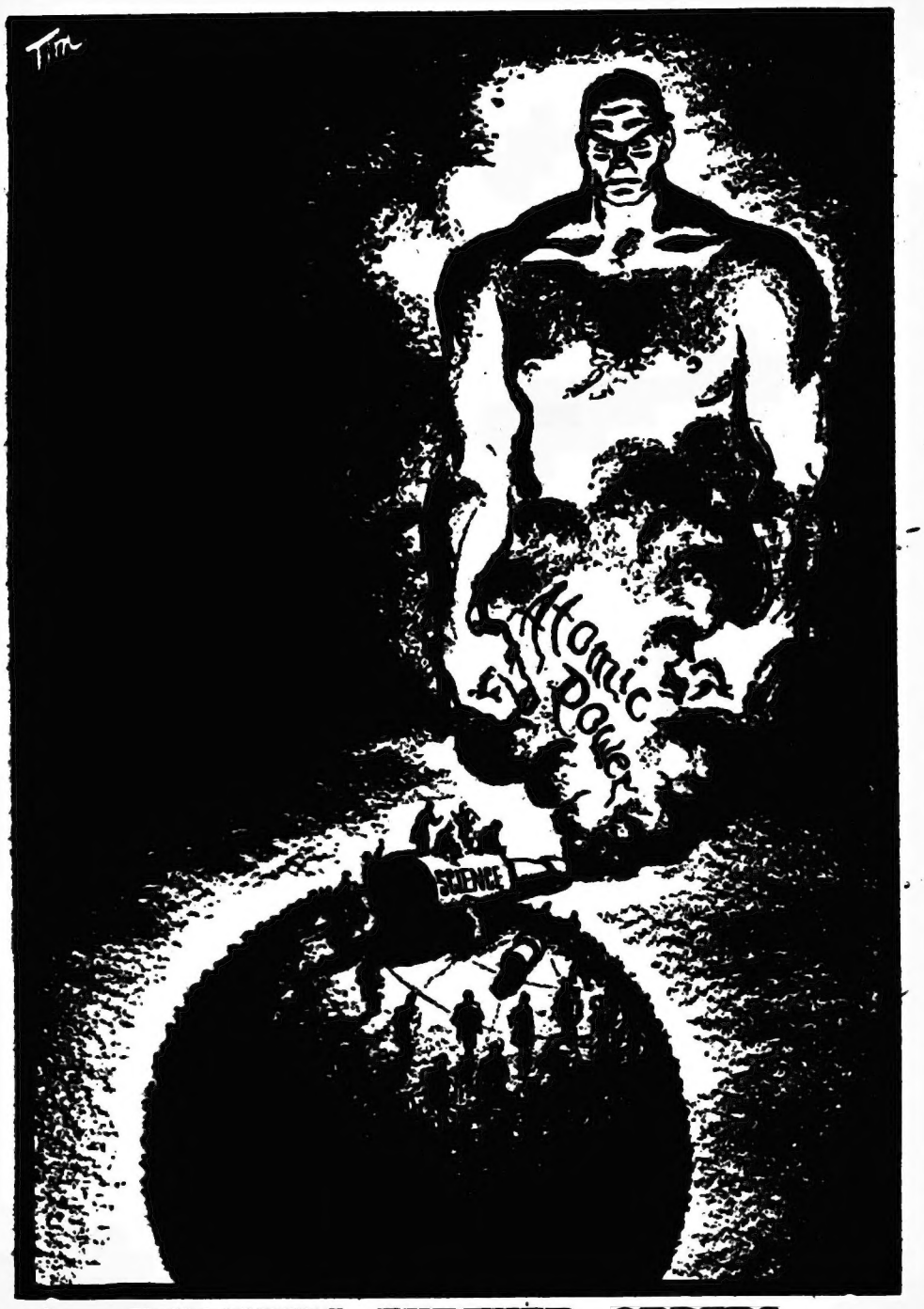
Most of the protests are from practical men and women who write of what they know. For Chuter Ede to continue support of the present proposal would be to wipe out from many minds his deserved reputation for humanity and common-sense in these matters.

Poor Defence

The Home Office case is that young offenders are at present being sent to Remand Homes where there are neither facilities nor space for useful treatment.

Dartmoor has big, efficient workshops. Young people going to it can be taught useful trades; their minds and their hands can be kept fully and beneficially occupied.

Is there any reason why the workshop equipment should not be transferred from Dartmoor to some of the great military establishments now being abandoned by the Forces? Has every possibility along these lines been fully investigated? We doubt it, and nothing that has been said so far changes our view or that of many others.



AWAITING FURTHER ORDERS

Cocoa Chaos

COLONIAL SECRETARY George Hall was right in his decision not to receive those West Africans who came to London recently as representatives of the cocoa farmers. They were not in fact representatives. Their bona-fides were open to considerable doubt.

What is not open to doubt is that the native grower is paid just under 1d. per lb. for his cocoa, while the British housewife pays 1/7d. for it. Neither transport or simple refinement costs added together account for the huge disparity.

The buying of the West African cocoa crop has caused trouble before, usually when the big buyers representing British firms got together in an unholy combination to beat the growers down to starvation prices. In its avowed policy of giving a square deal to the natives, the Colonial Office must see to it that the same thing does not happen again.

Bad Old Days

Before the war the main cause of the trouble was this big business combination against the growers. Well-known British firms played a not too creditable part in the miserable business.

When war began, a Cocoa Control Board was set up to fix prices. Not unnaturally, it showed a tendency at times to find it easier to understand the point of view of business spokesmen rather than native growers. The Board—now called the West African Produce Control Board—does not deny the growers' allegation that in 1941-42, for example, the Board was selling cocoa in this country for £45 per ton—of which the growers got less than £15.

The Colonial Secretary should make clear to the growers—and to the British people—precisely what happens to that big margin between cost and selling price. The answer should be illuminating.

Politics in Swing-time

BENNY GOODMAN is a United States King of Swing. He has recently been giving his views to the Press on the economic and social position of his country. We are privileged to quote him.

"The political situation is real groovy. The Democrats are murderistic, and the Republicans are solid senders. The way I dig this position the cats are beating up their chops and having a ball, but when the clambake's over it'll be a were fraughty issue." So now you know.

We wonder what Mr. Goodman would do if we asked him to draft the Peace Treaties in his own language. Any resemblance between it and English would, of course, be purely coincidental.

Barbed Wire Babel

ALL OVER EUROPE and the Middle-East Prisoner-of-War Camps are working their linguists hard. An officer we know tells us that in the camp he commands there are thirty different nationalities, sub-divided into 80 groups of various peoples.

"Hitler certainly mixed Europe up into a crazy omelette," he writes. The Fuehrer certainly did.

It will be a long and tragic business to sort out these huge cencentrations of hapless humanity, and those officers and men who are doing this difficult job deserve all the praise they seldom get.

Hail, Hibberd!

MOST URBANE of broadcasters, Stuart Hibberd completes 21 years of broadcasting on November 14. Friends insist on seeing it suitably celebrated. The B.B.C. unbends at times, despite what the general public think.

For ourselves, we remember Hibberd's golden voice in the good days and the bad. Millions have heard history through him.

He is more than an announcer. He is a great personality of our times. We look forward to another 21 years ahead, when we hope it will be ever better things he has to send smoothly and reassuringly into the loudspeakers of British homes.

Westminster Week

THERE ARE NO Hibberds in the House of Commons, though one or two M.P.s have long passed the apprentice broadcaster stage.

In connection with the "Week at Westminster" series, lots of new M.P.s in due course will be making the debut at the "mike" in this feature—and giving its producers a headache in consequence.

That dreadful combination of nervousness and lack of experience produces a poor broadcaster, and before an M.P. really does his stuff he is groomed by the B.B.C. experts. Reports up to now are that they will treat M.P.s as kindly as they can. This should reassure those who dread the broadcasting ordeal, but feel they ought to make the plunge.

Hogg's Right Hand

WARMEST OF CONSERVATIVE welcomes to Captain Peter Thorneycroft, Monmouth by-election victor, came from Oxford M.P. Quintin Hogg.

He and Thorneycroft were the closest of close colleagues in the Tory Reform Group. Described by an irreverent Labour Member as "The Twinkle Twins," they have fully resumed their bustling partnership in Parliamentary affairs.

Thorneycroft, thirty-six-year-old soldier and son of a soldier, was regarded by the Conservatives as one of their three ablest young men. There was considerable surprise when he was beaten by another

young army captain, Stephen Swingler, at Stafford in the General Election.

Blotted Copy Book

Now it is Thorneycroft who takes the lead Hogg's Parliamentary stock, despite his irritating eccentricities, stood high before the General Election.

Since then it has fallen heavily. Culmination of a series of clumsy interventions was the unforgivable "boner" he made recently, in declaring that he had been helped in preparing one of his questions by the House of Commons clerks.

This brought a storm of protest from all sides of the House. In Parliamentary etiquette, as rigid as any public school code, it is deemed almost unforgivable for a Member to involve a servant of the House of Commons in his own personal difficulties.

For the time being Hogg is decidedly under a cloud.

Delayed Demobilisation

"DEMOBILISATION is the devil of a job, and one of the big snags affecting 'B' releases is the inaccurate details of occupation recorded when many men were mobilised." This was the comment to us of an administrator who should know.

Here is the position. M.P.s are receiving scores of letters from men who spent most of their working lives as bricklayers, plasterers, etc. These men are wanted in their old jobs. They complain they have not even been offered the chance of taking a "B" release.

When these complaints are investigated it is often found that at the time of joining the Army, the building worker was, in fact, working in engineering or some other occupation, and was so registered.

See the C.O.

Any building trade worker in the Forces who has not received a "B" release invitation, but is in a fairly early group, and feels he is qualified for release, should at once see his Commanding Officer.

It will help if he can take with him evidence from former employer or employers supporting his status as a building worker.

Now, a warning to C.O.s. There are some grounds for the complaint that officers have often disbelieved a man's quite genuine story that he was a building trade worker because in his papers he is described as something else—say, an "engineer's labourer." It is now being made plain to all officers concerned that they must not treat such applications in an off-hand way. The nation's needs are too urgent.

Military Manpower Needs

Releases under Class B are subject to military requirements. We are not satisfied that these requirements are always so great as the military would make out.

But the solution of this problem does not lie with the Minister of Labour, George Isaacs. It rests with the Service Ministers.

There has been some blunt talk on this subject during the last few days, and all Service needs are being thoroughly reviewed again. Not before time. There are too many cases of men being kept from release on the grounds of military necessity who have been simply wasting time for months, and will continue wasting time unless prompt and decisive action is taken.

THE POSTMAN KEEPS ON WALKING

by HANNEN SWAFFER

JOHN BULL TO-DAY (2)

THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK, now that the war is over, is no longer dreaded. More often than not, it is the herald of good news. Once again, as of old, we look upon the postman as a welcome friend.

Like Felix, he keeps on walking.

Edith Curtis, who is Cornwall's oldest postwoman, has tramped, during her forty years of service, 100,000 miles, or four times round the world.

She does a daily round of eleven miles, through hail, wind, snow or sunshine—for 26s. a week. Not being an "established postman," she has to retire without a pension!

The men are better off. In the metropolis they do a 48-hour week for 75s. In Outer London their wages are 70s. In cities like Glasgow and Manchester they get 68s., in towns of the size of Derby and Blackpool 65s., and in the rural areas 62s. 6d.

In addition, all these receive a war bonus of 23s.

I have quoted maximum rates. A boy messenger of eighteen, when becoming a postman, has to wait for fourteen years—until he is thirty-two years old!—before he reaches the maximum.

Postwomen are provided with boots. Postmen, because their boot allowance was merged into their wages in 1920, must find their own. It is a heavy item for men who do a long round over heavy roads; besides, coupons are scarce.

Pensions averaging about one quarter of his wages are paid to "established postmen" when they retire. But auxiliary postmen and "auxiliary delivers" get no pension of any kind.

Auxiliary postmen are poorly paid. On unestablished staff work they do from eighteen to thirty-five hours a week, at 10½d. an hour at first. After a year's service, this becomes 11½d. an hour, and after four years 1s. an hour.

Before the war, a postman was supplied with two suits a year, one of heavy material and the other for summer wear. Now he gets one suit, which wears cut much too quickly.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

MUST WE FIGHT RUSSIA?

BORNE ON WINDS wandering over this war-weary world come maniac whisperings and crazy murmerings. They have tidings of terror for those with ears to hear.

The myriad dead of World War II remain uncounted. Tears from countless eyes are still wet. The savage aftermath of starvation and chaos, scarcely realised even by these dazed and hapless millions who will be the victims, has yet to come. With years of horror barely past, and worse ahead, the minds of men play with madness.

"We shall have to fight Russia eventually!" "We've got to choose between America and the Reds!" "So long as we keep the atomic bomb we've got Stalin where we want him!"

This is the very stuff of lunacy—criminal lunacy.

In Washington there will be two men. The ex-captain of artillery, the ex-major of infantry. They meet and talk. Upon these two men, Truman, President of the United States, Attlee, Prime Minister of Great Britain, is the main responsibility of setting course for sanity, of saving us all from the all-embracing catastrophe that threatens.

Mr. Byrnes, United States Secretary of State, has dramatically made plain that Washington's wise men recognise the Soviet Union's desire for security; they appreciate her fears; they believe the future of the West depends upon comradeship and understanding with the East.

These are words of wisdom. But they are only words. Peace will not be made by phrases. It is action that counts. From President Truman and Prime Minister Attlee we expect a new and frank approach to the U.S.S.R.

We demand a new and bold policy. The U.S.S.R. must be given the facts about atomic bomb production—the theory of it she already fully understands.

Immediately after that, a World Security Council must be given supreme control of these potential means of wholesale slaughter. Great and small powers alike must repudiate the right to be judge and jury in their own cases.

THERE IS MUCH talk of complications in international affairs. Complications and difficulties there are. But the fundamental truth is simple. Nations, no less than men, cannot live unto themselves. The atomic bomb, the jet plane, the rocket shell have made mockery of such pretensions.

Primarily, the preservation of peace, the prosperity of all peoples, must rest on the three great Allies—America, the U.S.S.R., and Britain. A grouping of two against the one means war. That is certain as the sunrise. It would not be next year, or the year after. But it would come.

Years of uneasy non-belligerence; then swift rearmament, with every hideous aid that science can give to slaughter; the period of tension; the incident—then death, destruction and disaster everywhere.

That is the prospect if we pursue the aimless, hopeless policy poker-game of bluff and counter-bluff. That is the certain price to be paid for failure to act with common-sense now.

RUSSIA IS NOT being helpful. We know that. The Kremlin suffers from 1918 thinking no less than the White House and Whitehall. International superstitions, long out-dated, are not only a monopoly of some schools of illiteracy in the West.

All this is tragically clear. Yet Russia has a sound, cynical answer. America and ourselves, for example, protest to Moscow because it concludes an agreement giving it economic mastery over Hungary. We were not consulted. We are angry. Russia replies "Oh, yes. But what of the little matter of the atomic bomb?" And we have no real answer.

The world waits for the news of revolution—in the hearts and minds of those who lead its greatest nations.

The Editor

STRIKES ARE OUT-OF-DATE

A worker-writer expresses an honest-to-goodness opinion of "Labours Civil War" and what ought to be done about it. He doesn't pull his punches

by HERBERT HODGE

FOR ME, AND, I IMAGINE, for most Labour supporters, these last few weeks have been heartrending. Labour has taken over Government during one of the most difficult periods in our history.

There's the demobilisation problem, there's the housing problem, there's the changeover to peace time production.

There's starvation and threatened chaos in Europe, and empty cupboards in Britain.

Surely a tough enough assignment for any Government, let alone one committed to improving the workers' lot. And then, as though that were not enough, the dockers suddenly went on strike.

Labour's bitterest enemy couldn't ask for anything better. Yet no one could accuse the striking dockers of being enemies of Labour. At one of their strike meetings they actually paused to pass a vote of confidence in the Labour Government.

It would be comic if it weren't so tragic.

Others Strike, Too

And the dockers aren't the only ones. We've had sections of the railwaymen out. We've had groups of the busmen out.

All these recent strikes have been unofficial—strikes directed not so much against the employers as against the Union leadership. These disputes are ceasing to be a straight fight between Capital and Labour, and are becoming civil wars inside the unions.

What are we going to do about it? Blaming the strikers doesn't help. Blaming the leaders doesn't help. And blaming "agitators" is a sheer bogy.

No. Our unions are what we make them. If anybody is to blame, we'll all to blame.

We built our unions as fighting machines, to fight for the workers' rights in a community dominated by the employers.

Not all employers were willing to negotiate with unions. But if negotiation failed we had always got, as a last resort, our panzer division, our atomic bomb, the strike.

It was a clumsy and brutal weapon, and often hurt us quite as much as the employer.

Meanwhile our ideas grew beyond mere wage increases—which only seemed to be a continual chase after rising prices, anyway—and we turned our thoughts towards the possibilities of political power. Finally, the Trades Union Council and other workers' groups launched the Labour Party.

Against Ourselves

That was forty-five years ago. To-day, elected by an overwhelming majority, that Labour Party has become the Government.

Now, you may say that's all infant school stuff. I agree. But it's infant school stuff that some of us don't seem to have grasped.

We're some of us still thinking of ourselves as underdogs—the chaps who touch their caps and take the orders. We haven't yet awakened to the fact that we've won—that we are now the bosses.

And because some of us haven't yet realised that simple but astonishing fact, we haven't grasped the all-important point that follows from it.

Every time we strike against the bosses now, we strike against ourselves.

But that still doesn't explain what's gone wrong inside the unions. During the last few years we've built up a great mass of negotiating machinery for settling industrial disputes—even to compulsory arbitration.

Yet, as these unofficial strikes prove, it isn't working as it should in practice. Why?

Well, speaking as a rank-and-file trade unionist, it seems to me that half the trouble is due to ignorance—the members' ignorance about the leaders, and the leaders' ignorance about the members.

During the last thirty years we've been busy amalgamating our small unions into a few big ones. That has made us more powerful in some ways, but weaker in others; stronger externally, but maybe weaker internally.

The bigger the organisation grows, the greater becomes the distance between the individual member and his leaders.

We've reached a position to-day, in some unions, where the member feels he doesn't know what his top leaders are up to. And the top leaders in their turn, seem to have got out of touch with the day-to-day feelings of the man on the job.

Whether this is generally true or not, that's how a lot of us *feel* about it. This feeling has sapped our confidence in the official union machinery. And so a coldness has crept into the relationship.

A man no longer feels it is *his* union. He pays his weekly contribution like someone dropping a sixpence into a slot machine. It's become a "we" and "they" relationship. "We" put our money in the slot so that "they" can do something for us.

And since "they" are so far away, we feel that whatever they do will take an awful long time. And we get weary of waiting—especially when grievances big and little are piling up on the job every day.

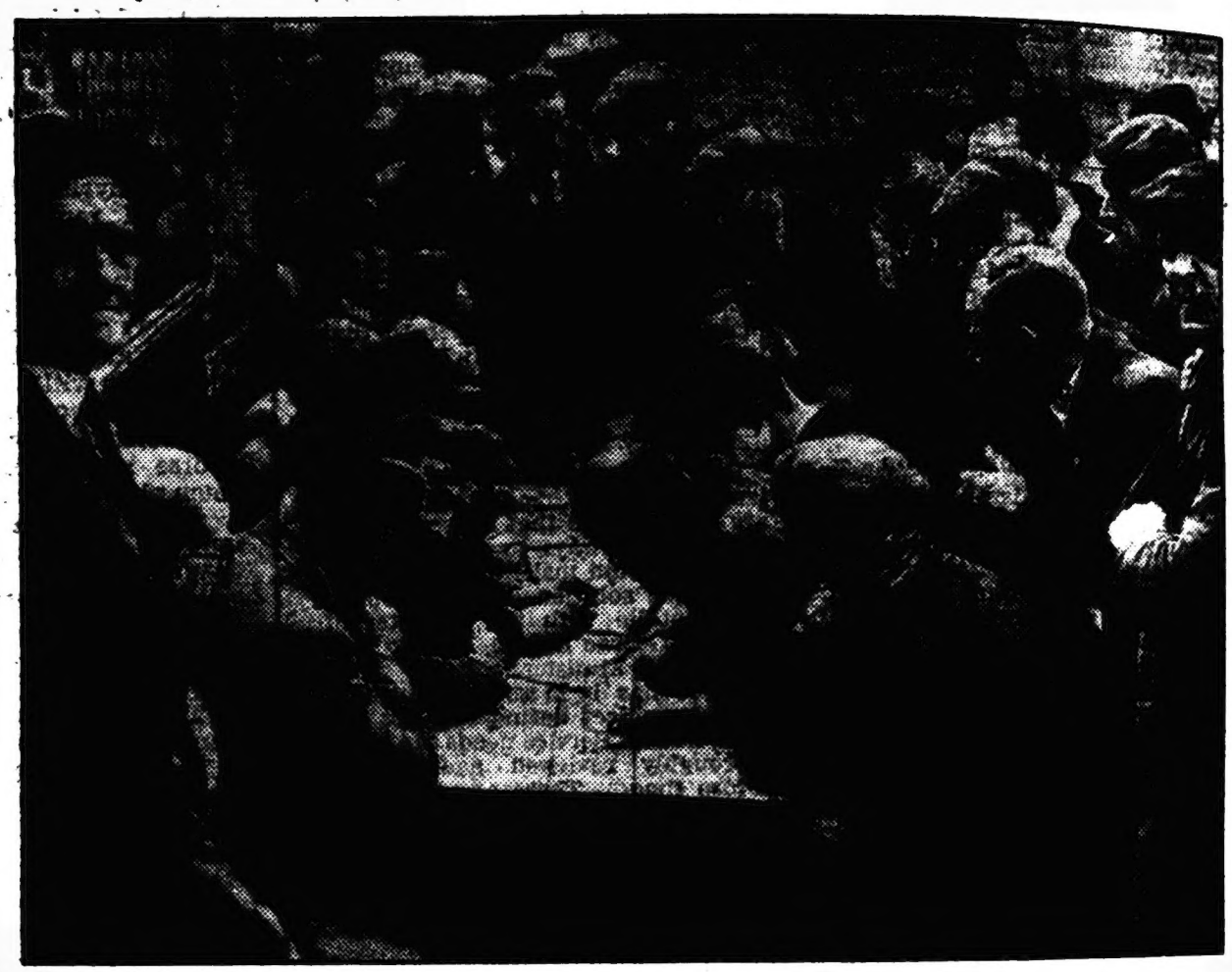
While we could learn—and do—a great deal to help ourselves if we attended the branch meetings, these meetings are apt to be dull affairs, so we don't often go.

Consequently, when something particularly aggravating happens on the job, and a few of the more active and impatient spirits blow up, a lightning unofficial strike is the first thing everybody thinks of.

The problem, as I see it, is to bring members and leaders into closer touch. In the first place, I think it would be a good idea for all trade union leaders to get back on the job—to work alongside their members—for, say, a month in every year.

There is no doubt that when you get away from the mine, the factory, the field or the footplate, you do, in time, begin to forget what it feels like. And as soon as you lose the feel of it, you begin to lose touch with the feelings of the man on the job.

I speak from personal experience in this. I know what a lot of good it does me as a



On a trestle table behind a dockland coffee-stall, "Sandy" Powell, leader of the strikers, planned future moves with his committee

worker-writer to get back on the old job of taxi-driving for a while.

Then again, I think we need a much better information service inside our unions. I admit there is no excuse for the shocking mental laziness of some of us. But a great deal of it could be overcome if our union information were served out to us more attractively and more frequently.

I'd like to see a Members' Information Officer on every executive committee. His job would be to keep the members informed from week to week, and even from day to day, about what the leaders are doing and why—and also what they are *not* doing, and why.

But his job would cover far more than that. We trade unionists are no longer shock-troops fighting private employers for a greater share of our product. Production, under a Labour Government, is coming more and more under community control.

Fair Shares for All

The result is that our individual share of it is no longer simply a matter of dispute between ourselves and our particular employers. It has become a question of our getting a fair share of what the whole community produces. Our negotiations therefore tend to be more with the community—the Government—than the employer.

The more the community produces the greater our individual share will be. The Union's task under this new set-up, therefore, must extend to helping its members do a better job of work.

There is no better way of helping a man to do that than by keeping him constantly aware of the importance of his own particular job and its part in the total effort.

Which brings me back to these unofficial strikes. Men strike because they feel they're not getting a fair deal.

Are the dockers getting a fair deal? Are they getting their fair share of the goods and service at present being produced by the country as a whole?

The dockers didn't know. They believed they were not getting their fair share. So they ignored their leaders and walked out.

The fact is that we none of us know whether we're getting our fair share. We know that Labour has taken over government at a time when there's little or nothing left in the national cupboard.

Tell Us the Facts

We know there can't be anything more until we've worked to create it. All the same, we do want to know whether we're getting our fair share of what there is.

I'd like to see the Government giving us information on national production as frequently as they used to give us the figures of national savings.

Let the Government tell us what our total production is. Let our Unions keep us constantly informed of the relation between that total production, our own part in it, and the wages we are getting for it, so that we can see for ourselves whether we are doing our fair whack and getting our fair share.

Tell us the facts and we can tackle them. We're tough. We can take it. And like it. That was how we won the war. It's the way we'll win the peace.

It all boils down to four words: Let the People know!

Until we do know, we shall be aware only of our individual grievances. And these unofficial strikes will go on.

BATTLE LEADER OF THE PEACE

Personal recollections of "Jim" Griffith, first Minister of Social Security, by his friend

HANNEN SWAFFER

JIM GRIFFITHS, once a pitboy sent into the mines because of a system of hereditary semi-slavery imposed by King Coal—what youth would choose to leave the sunshine for the darkness of the mine?—is now our first Minister of Social Security.

We saw, last July, the most important revolution in our history. No drop of blood was shed. No tear was wept.

The workers and the more intelligent of the middle-classes insisted on the ushering in of a new social order. They put into power a Government pledged to vast schemes of amelioration and enfranchisement.

Then, for the task of combining and increasing the whole scheme of pensions and compensation, Clement Attlee chose a man new to national administration.

Mind you, he had been trained in a job almost as difficult—that of the presidency of the South Wales Miners' Federation, the most militantly political of all the unions. There, he needed both drive and tact.

It was in those days that, sharing his platforms during "The Miners' Crusade" for an extra 2s. a shift, I became his close friend and devoted admirer.

No one since the days of "Mabon" could so well and so fearlessly put the case for the submerged tenth that toiled underground—the men who defied death daily for a mere pittance, sang like the seraphim in their choirs when they had washed off the grime, and toiled in their leisure to acquire culture.

Four miners are killed every working day in the pits, where there are over 100,000 accidents a year!

Try to Save Life

Yet, whenever there is an explosion in a pit, the whole valley will volunteer to go down in the almost despairing hope of saving lives.

I read once a privately printed report of a debate in which, at a council table, Jim Griffiths bearded the head of the owners' association. He riddled his opponent's arguments with facts and figures; reduced him, indeed, to impotence. Never, face to face with the enemy, had a miner used such devastating logic.

Yet Jim is a kindly man of pleasant speech and quiet, if earnest, utterance.

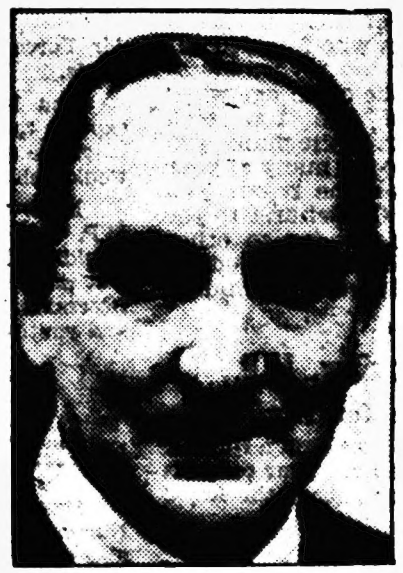
I have seen him at the harmonium in the Pontypool home of his friend and colleague, Arthur Jenkins, playing the hymn tunes in which Welshmen delight, while the delightful Jenkins family joined in the singing.

I have marched with him at the head of a miners' procession, one in which almost a whole town has joined, so that better conditions could be obtained for the toiler underground.

He and I have spoken, in a freezing market-place in his Llanelly constituency, to a great crowd that applauded if only to keep their hands warm.

And I have met him in the House of Commons, which he reached in 1936, popular with M.P.s, respected by everybody.

Now, we await his Social Insurance Bill, the implementation of much of the Beveridge Plan, the measure that will ensure adequate unemployment and health insurance, retirement pensions, and death grants for all workers.



Jim Griffiths, kindly fighter

It will probably be the most comprehensive and complex measure ever brought before the Commons. Certainly it will prove the most ambitious plan for social security ever attempted anywhere in the world.

"Before next Christmas," declares Griffiths, "we shall be paying the old-age pensioners the new basic rates provided in the major scheme. This will be the greatest social change in our history."

Parliamentary draughtsmen, now drafting the Bill, are working overtime.

When it is finished, Jim's mastery of detail will ensure its being placed before Parliament so that all can understand.

Already he has piloted the National Insurance (Industrial Injuries) Bill through the Commons. It was a personal triumph for a stubborn and courageous fighter who knows, because of his own experience, all the pressing problems of working-class life.

Yet, statesman though he now is, he started work underground when he was only thirteen! It was at the Central Labour College, to which he won a scholarship after the 1918 war, that he mastered economics and political science.

It is as a miners' delegate that Jim has travelled abroad—to those frequent conferences where workers of many nations meet to discuss their needs and aspirations. Believe me, a working man learns more in a week at one of these than do all the Tory travellers who go from one luxury hotel to another and whose idea of travel is so often merely some gambling town on the Riviera.

It was on his return from Danzig, after a congress of Polish miners, that Jim came back with the warning: "The Nazis are getting ready for war." And it was during a 20,000 miles' tour of the United States during the war that he became our unofficial ambassador to the working folk from coast-to-coast. It was necessary, then, to force home the lesson that ours was a war for the democracy of all lands.

English Are Tricky

He was entertained, after one convention, by a chairman who said to him: "There is something I would like to tell you, because I believe in being frank. I do not like the English."

"I can sympathise with you," chuckled Jim. "I get some trouble with them myself."

Jim campaigned against the Means Test. He led the miners' fight to get compensation for silicosis and other industrial diseases. He has been in many battles in which the People fought Privilege.

Now he is one of the generals in the greatest battle of all—the battle to sweep away class distinctions, destroy the greed and selfishness of the vested interests, and to usher in a social order in which the humble people who saved mankind can enjoy due reward for their labours and their sacrifice.

He is not bitter. He has a profound faith in his mission to help his fellow-men. His Christianity is a practice, not a precept.

Jim's work as a Minister may be in Whitehall. But his heart is still with the ordinary people of Carmarthen. His home is 36, Tan-y-coed, a house no different from 209 other houses that make up the garden suburb of Burry Port, Carmarthen.

He Listens

Everybody goes into Jim's little study to tell him all about their troubles. Mind you, though, he is not often at home.

"You can hardly say Jim lives here," says his wife. "Stays or pops in, would be more like it."

But he remains the best type of family man, in spite of the difficulties and trials of public life.

Parliament, to-day, has many Members like that. It is upon them that we rely for the building of the new Britain and for the realisation of our dreams.

There is infinite hope for our island people who, believing in their destiny as the leaders in a campaign for world betterment, can choose as their champions men born in humble homes, and place them, so that they can labour to wider advantage, in the seats of the Mighty.

OPEN LETTERS

Sir Waldron Smithers, M.P.,

The Carlton Club

DEAR SIR WALDRON,—What a dreary old diehard you are! In Parliament and out you totter around like some weird Don Quixote in rust-ridden armour waving the ancient sword of reaction at even the most modest social reforms.

Having the money to pay for it, some of the usual mumblings have percolated through your visor into the advertisement columns of the *Church of England Newspaper*.

You call upon the clergy to join with you in a holy war upon such things as the Beveridge Plan. You summon recruits from the pulpits to raise the fiery cross against any proposals that would build a better Britain for poorer people. Your medieval mind meanders back to those glorious long-distant days when the "lower classes" were meek and humble, bowed to their betters, and looked hopefully to their liege lords for scraps of charity in times of distress.

You speak in these things with all the authority that comes from education at Arlington and Charterhouse, association with the London Stock Exchange, and membership of the Carlton Club.

I doubt whether you will find many of the clergy ready to enlist in the ragged ranks of your ramshackle army and follow your flag. The Church, no less than the country, recognises more and more that things in which you believe are the negation of those truths of justice and charity expounded by Him who founded our Faith.

As an ancient monument, symbolic of an age when the moneybags and privileges of the few took priority over the happiness and rights of the many, you are interesting. As a legislator, there are many of your Conservative colleagues in the House who regard you as a comic-opera character sent by Chislehurst to the Commons to serve as a constant reminder to other members of what puerile follies and childish prejudices can afflict a politician who has allowed his mind to become paralysed.—JOHN BULL.

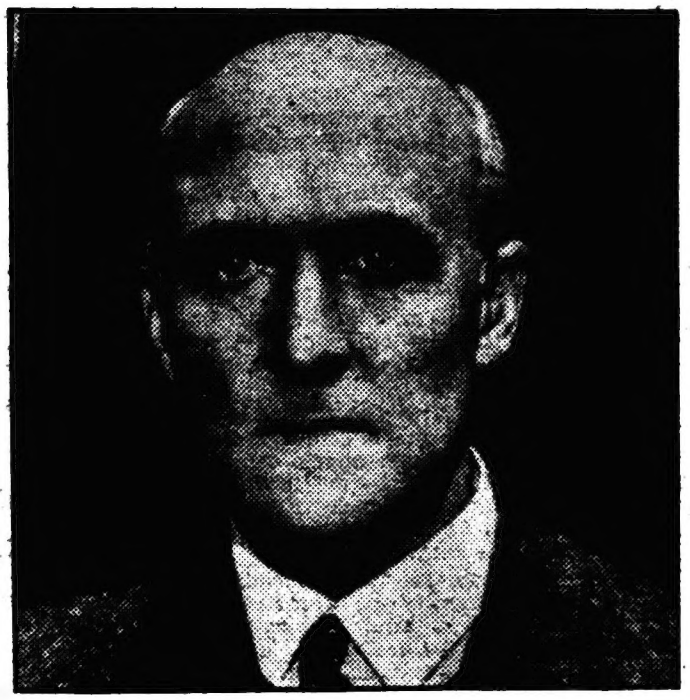
Wing-Commander John Strachey, M.P.,

Under-Secretary of State for Air

DEAR STRACHEY,—Without doubt you have been a Number One success on the Government front-bench. Your recipe is simple. You have to answer all questions about the Royal Air Force in the Commons, because your chief is in the Lords.

You invariably rewrite the answers prepared by your experts to each Parliamentary question. You use your own language to put your own case—and I wish all other Ministers would follow your example.

More than this. When you were asked privately by an M.P. whether a certain question he was going to put down would be inconvenient to you, you replied: "Yes, it would. But please put it down. We are there to be embarrassed, if necessary." I like that. It shows a spirit worthy of this new and youthful Parliament.—JOHN BULL.



Sir Waldron Smithers sounds the despairing Last Post of the Old Guard

Dr. Hugh Paul,

Medical Officer of Health, Borough of Smethwick

DEAR DR. PAUL,—The National Society of Children's Nurseries is right in declaring that properly conducted nurseries can make an invaluable contribution to increasing the birth-rate. I welcome the vigorous evidence you produce on the subject.

While you make it plain that such nurseries cannot, and should not, be "run on the cheap," you say that your own wide experience convinces you that day nurseries are of great benefit to the children and to the mother. Above all, I agree with your forthright defence of mothers who send their children to these nurseries.

In the main, you say, it is "the more careful and conscientious mother" who seems to take advantage of day nursery facilities. That needed saying. There are too many numbskulls going around inferring that the mother who wisely uses these nurseries is neglecting her duty. I have never believed that a harassed and overworked mother can be a supremely good parent.—JOHN BULL.

Sir Harold Mackintosh,

Chairman, National Savings Movement

DEAR SIR HAROLD,—There were many areas which did not reach their Thanksgiving Week targets. This is understandable. The war is over. In past savings appeals, the dramatic needs of battle could be used as an incentive. The needs of peace are no less urgent. But they are not so easily "put over."

I have studied the figures. I find one reassuring feature The percentage of small savings in most totals was remarkably high. There was always a certain element of unreality about the huge cheques handed over in the campaigns by big business. The truth is that the small saver is the real saver.

Despite target disappointments, one thing should be said. You rank among our most important "home front generals." You have earned the nation's thanks for your valiant and vital savings leadership.—JOHN BULL.

• HUMAN MACHINE • HUMAN MACHINE •

KEEP YOUNG

THERE IS AN INCREASING TENDENCY in modern life towards what the politicians call "realism." No one ever troubles to define it exactly.

But the general idea seems to be that life is real and grim and hard, and the sooner we realise it and face "facts as they are"—another favourite exhortation!—the better off we shall be.

Well, it's all very true. Life *is* real and grim and hard. Facts *are* facts, and as such must certainly be faced. But that is only half the story.

Life is not all grimness: and there are other things beside "facts." We don't need to be afraid to look at things squarely.

But do not let us minimise the importance of romance in life, nor despise it. The game of "let's pretend" still has its uses as we grow older.

It is, in fact, a judicious mixture of romance and reality that best carries a man through life so long as he cultivates and directs the feeling and does not let its rosy hues obscure his vision completely.

"Romance," said a great soldier long ago, "beguiles the road to some practicable result by pointing out its beauties: by bestowing a deep and practical conviction that, even in this dark and material existence, there may be found a joy with which a stranger intermeddleth not."

It is romance, enthusiasm, a little dreaming and a little seeing of visions that keeps up a man's spirits. It is romance that keeps a man young.

HUMAN MACHINE • HUMAN MACHINE •

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Argument

SHOULD WE SHARE ATOMIC POWER?

Yes

1. The one atom bomb dropped on Hiroshima equalled 20,000 tons of high explosives. Later types have probably 1,000 times more power. War with such weapons might destroy the human race.

2. Failure to share the secret with Allies must lead to grave suspicion all round.

3. Since the present monopoly may not last, the only logical alternative to sharing is to use the bomb quickly against any possible rival. But this is unthinkable.

4. The principle of the bomb is known to all physicists. Within a few years every industrialised nation will have made it.

5. Uranium 235, the present source of nuclear energy, is costly, but cheap alternative sources are likely to be discovered—in which case every nation will have access to atomic power.

6. When inexhaustible atomic energy is available, commercial competition will be pointless, so there is no case for secrecy on industrial grounds.

7. To vest atomic knowledge in a body of international trustees would serve humanity.

No

1. The two great democracies, present trustees of atomic power, dare not share it with a disordered world.

2. Were we to do so, only nations technically advanced could use it. They might thank us, but their weaker neighbours would not.

3. Democracies have a sacred duty to protect democracy everywhere. Atomic power enables us to fulfil this duty.

4. The United States and Great Britain have spent upwards of £500,000,000 on this discovery. Patent law has always permitted inventors a period of monopoly to recoup outlay.

5. The Foreign Ministers' conference has just ended in deadlock, yet idealists assume that somehow an all-nations board of directors, disagreement-proof, can be created to handle atomic power.

6. Talk of "international control" is illusory. How can a nation's scientific work be controlled from outside?

7. The English-speaking peoples hope, through a period of secrecy, ultimately to give the world the benefits of atomic energy while minimising its dangers.

RE-MAKING UP THE WORLD'S MIND

Poisoned minds are a graver threat than bombs and guns to the happiness of humanity. The vital need of international action is here explained by VICTOR THOMPSON, who has seen the evil effects of false thinking

THERE IS A MAGIC in the world that is greater, for good or evil, than atomic power. Indeed, it can claim the atomic bomb as one of its by-products. We call it Education—the forming of the minds of men.

Hitler early perceived its potency and misused it to the full for his base ends. Nazifying all the educational forces in his Reich, from schools to newspapers, books to games, he succeeded in a few years in making 80,000,000 people think as he wished.

His designs went much further. I remember the piles of children's books which some of us discovered in Nijmegen soon after the British had liberated that battered Dutch town. They had been used during the Occupation to "re-educate" the children of Holland, and their subtle thoroughness was frightening.

Fairy Tales for Nazis

First, the beautifully printed picture-books for very small children told fairy-tales in which parents invariably appeared as figures of fun. Then adventure-books and magazines, continuing to paint mothers and fathers as old-fashioned, though possibly well-meaning, deftly developed the notion that Hitler Youth Leaders, all heroes, were the only dependable mentors for the really bright modern child.

With parental control undermined and Nazi ideas implanted, geography and history primers carried on the work by telling, in a series of most readable stories, of the wisdom of the Fuehrer and the coming glories of the Aryan Race (to which, of course, the Dutch really belonged).

Few of the children who read those books could know that the facts were as distorted as the maps. Most boys and girls, left alone long enough with only such literature, would have had little chance of becoming anything but regular pagan Nazis, ready to lynch the first harmless Jew they saw or to take over a rubber truncheon in a concentration camp.

One of the post-war problems of Holland and the other liberated countries, in fact, is that many of their children have been thus infected. It is one of the great problems with which the Conference of Allied Education Ministers, now meeting in London, is trying to deal.

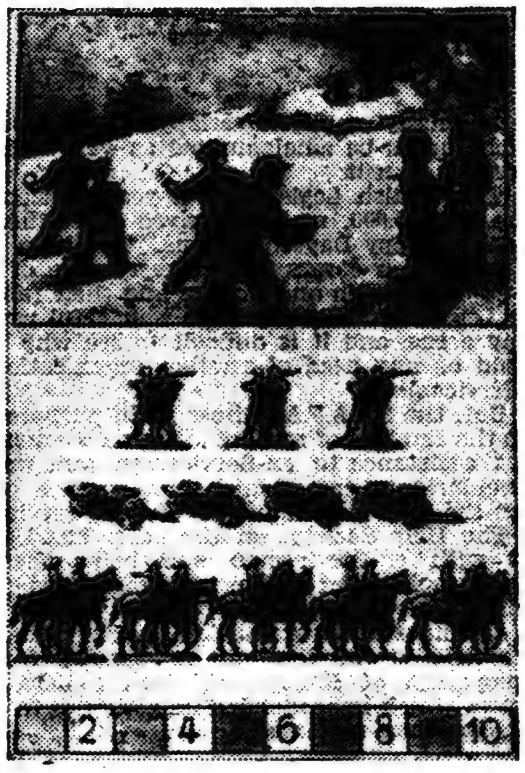
Their Bible: "Mein Kampf"

There are many others, as I found recently in Germany itself. Why Hitler, for example, had even introduced religious methods to enslave still further the minds of his dupes.

In the town of Bocholz there was, until a flame-thrower of the Desert Rats burned it down, a building which was exactly like a church—except that there were swastikas instead of crucifixes and a picture of Hitler was over the altar, while the books, which looked like Bibles, were copies of "Mein Kampf". . . .

The re-education work that must be attempted in Germany and the lands she tainted is vast indeed; but we should be but little more open-eyed than most of Hitler's dupes if we believed that only in these countries has the magic of education been misused and truth been murdered.

Throughout the world, even in the so-called "enlightened nations," ignorance and falsehood have been encouraged to flourish.



"Hitler early perceived the potency of education—the forming of the minds of men—and misused it to the full for his base ends." A Nazi arithmetic book designed to foster the child's interest in warfare

Those who have controlled the world's education—and Education is not only the Three R's—have allowed political, social and economic thought to lag decades behind scientific and industrial discoveries.

Incapable of Real Thinking

In a world which, plainly, can only be saved by internationalism, not one man in a thousand anywhere is capable of thinking without nationalistic bias, given him, largely, by the books at school.

Many, indeed, are incapable of any kind of real thinking at all.

A stormy, threatening background for the great Education Conference! Nevertheless, there is encouragement for the common man in the mere news of these meetings, the main purpose of which is to try to establish an International Office of Education.

It shows that, although diplomatic talks may break down, co-operation between the nations in practical matters continues.

As Miss Ellen Wilkinson, Britain's Cabinet-rank representative at the Conference, said to me just before it started: "The greater the difficulties, the greater the opportunities."

She was, in effect, replying to those pessimists who say it all comes too late.

"Twenty years at least," they say, "are needed to repair the destruction of educational facilities in many parts of the world; to abolish the bodily privations which render mental growth impossible; to find and train th- countless teachers who will be required. And in that time some anachronistic warlord will have been frightened into dropping atomic bombs."

Certainly there is not much time.

Nevertheless, if plague and famine can be kept in check this winter there need be no insuperable obstacles. The pessimists forget that the world's spectacular progress in scientific and industrial matters can save as well as destroy us.

In educational matters, that means chiefly the radio and the cinema. By employing them intensively a few great teachers could to-day, at small cost and without much organisation, reach hundreds of thousands instead of scores. The best experts on any subject can speak to any audience anywhere.

Films and Radio

The new International Education Office will need broadcasting stations, or at least generous allowances of time on the air, and a large film unit. Every other means of education, from school-houses to printing-presses, can aid these methods.

They might even find then that those very psychological disturbances which harass youth in many parts of the globe to-day have produced more than ordinary desire for knowledge.

But if the means of teaching do exist still, what shall the new teachers teach?

Clearly, they must not be tempted to influence children and adults with propaganda-education in the Hitler way, even for purposes deemed to be noble. Also, there is no profit in regarding education merely as a means of stuffing indigestible facts into undeveloped minds.

The real purpose of education is to inspire people to think for themselves and to seek knowledge for its own sake. It must make men fit mentally *cnd in character* for the democracy which has cost us so much.

Character and Knowledge

The declared policy of Britain's new County Colleges could almost be used as it stands for a world declaration in these matters. Here it is:

To help young people to live a healthy life.

To develop knowledge and understanding of modern living.

To formulate character and develop a balanced outlook.

I would like to add two sentences:

To create national citizens of the world.

Vigorously to encourage as soon as possible the free movement of young people between one country and another.

If the International Education Office can get itself started with broad aims like that, the great humanists who will be needed to run it will surely soon emerge.

That Office might then become the mightiest force in the new world. It would be under the laws of the World Organisation, whatever shape that may take—but its teaching would be influencing the election of the rulers and the making of the law.

NOT CHARITY: JUSTICE

The present system of service charities is too hit or miss. Dozens of different societies mean wasted labour, wasted funds and often unequal treatment. A single State-controlled charity must be set up

by CAPTAIN RAYMOND BLACKBURN
M.P. for King's Norton

DO YOU REMEMBER those Armistice Days before the war, when there were gatherings in city, town, and village—and for two minutes there was silence except for the voices of the uncomprehending birds?

After the silence, some solemn voice would read the words of Colonel John Macrae: "If ye break faith with us who died, we shall not sleep though poppies grow in Flanders fields."

Many of us thought with some bitterness of those occasions and of the Flanders poppies, emblems of forgetfulness, when we joined up in 1939 to fight in a war which need never have been waged if faith had not been broken.

The betrayal of the League of Nations, it is true, was a betrayal by the politicians rather than the people. But during the inter-war years, a more clear-cut betrayal by the people themselves was occurring the whole time and no one seemed willing to do very much about it.

For we did not make proper provision for the families of those who died or for their comrades condemned to unemployment or unremunerative light work through the wounds they had suffered. We gave them charity instead of justice—and scant charity at that. Too often the extent of this charity was dependent on luck.

The more attractive the girl selling the poppies the more sixpences and shillings would be spared for the benefit of the men whom we were kind enough to recognise as heroes for a few sentimental minutes one day in the year. No wonder Siegfried Sassoon savagely asked at the Menin gate:

> "Was ever an immolation so belied
> As these intolerably nameless dead?"

But even this does not exhaust the depths of our complacence.

Not only did we allow the responsibility for ex-Servicemen and their families in dire need to rest with charity; we even tolerated *competitive charities* with all the consequent waste of precious funds.

Why Not Combine Service Charities?

Even during the second World War the same process has gone on. There have been many appeals for different kinds of Servicemen, Army, airborne troops, R.A.F., Navy, Merchant Navy and so on. Of course, as the civilian was most conscious of his debt to the R.A.F., the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund came very well out of the bargain. But surely it was not right that one Serviceman's family should be better off than another Serviceman's family for any reason of this type.

In this total war, all the Services have worked together as one great team—and not until they did so did we win battles. Why, then, should not the Service charities be combined together as one great team, backed up by the Government, to ensure that every deserving case of a Serviceman, an ex-Serviceman or his family receives prompt and proper attention?

Then, again, the functions of the British Legion, the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families' Association (the S.S.A.F.A.) and the Incorporated Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Help Society (the Help Society) overlap in many ways. Perhaps, as these organisations are of such importance, I should describe their scope and purpose to reinforce the point. But there are, of course, many smaller overlapping organisations which should be amalgamated as well with considerable benefit.

The British Legion has a yearly income of some £1,000,000, mainly derived from the proceeds of Poppy Day collections. The help given by the Legion covers almost every case of need for ex-Servicemen and women and their families. The Legion undoubtedly does wonderful work in many areas, and it is difficult to see why there should be any need of another organisation for ex-Servicemen.

But, the S.S.A.F.A., whose main purpose is to help the families of serving men and women, also gives assistance to ex-Servicemen and women, particularly in cases which concern the period when the man or woman was actually serving.

The Help Society, on the other hand, deals only with ex-Servicemen and helps them to obtain employment and in addition makes grants to them.

An important organisation covering much the same field is the National Association for the Employment of Regular Soldiers, Sailors, and Airmen, which has extended its activities in some cases to "non-regulars."

Propaganda for Forces of Reaction

I am suggesting that all these organisations should be turned into one great society sponsored and supported by the State. This would also meet two very evident difficulties of the moment: first, that these great charities are not really responsible to the community through Parliament (although they receive grants in many cases from public funds); secondly, that the personnel in key positions are generally chosen from the aristocracy or the plutocracy.

Undoubtedly they are in need of a thorough purge to make them representative of all sections of the community.

They are now—whether they wish it or not—in many ways indirect propaganda for the forces of reaction.

But, it may be said, would not this leave the Serviceman and ex-Serviceman dependent on charity? Not really, because the Government would underwrite the whole organisation and ensure that justice was dispensed to all.

There are many reasons for retaining all that is good in the present voluntary organisations, particularly the sense of service and the comradeship in local branches. I believe that could easily be done within the framework of an organisation supported by public funds, responsible in the last resort to Parliament, but uncramped by the officialdom of Whitehall.

The process of turning our present charities into such an organisation would call for all the genius of compromise of which we are capable. But now, with this great new Parliament and Government representing for the first time all the people, is the opportunity to start this urgent task; it is all the more urgent because, with 3,000,000 Servicemen and women being released within twelve months, the need for bridging the gulf between the Services and civilian life is acute.

Goodwill, imagination, courage and vigour in this, as in other matters, must be shown abundantly if we are not to let the bright hopes of to-day be gradually distorted and turned into the bitter jests of to-morrow.

NEVER
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o what we call "charity"; and every-
which this "charity" is administered.
JOHN BULL offers two expert opinions
subject.

NOT TAXES, BUT GIFTS

State-controlled charities would open the flood-gates of demands which would bankrupt the nation. Moreover, charities are intended for special cases —and no law can cover the needs of every individual

by SIR WALTER WOMERSLEY, Bt., J.P.
Former Minister of Pensions

AFTER MORE THAN SIX YEARS as Minister of Pensions, I am very glad that JOHN BULL should ventilate the question of State aid or voluntary help. It is a matter on which there has been, and is, much muddled thinking. To my mind, the case for increasing support of voluntary funds is overwhelming.

But first let me make it quite clear that there is nothing savouring of "charity" in the work of such organisations as the King's Fund, the King George's Fund for Sailors, the Army Benevolent Fund, and the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund.

The word "charity" in connection with them should be abolished. If a word is needed at all to describe them they should rightly be called "Gratitude" Funds.

At a time when every working man is bearing a crushing burden of taxes—both directly through income tax, and indirectly through taxes on food, drink, tobacco, and so on—I feel that those who want the State to pay out more and more do not realise what is involved.

The State, after all, is only made up of its citizens. Every penny that the State pays out in pensions, and other things, can only come from the taxpayer's pocket.

Spending Must be Approved

Now it is a fixed and wise principle in this country that no public money shall ever be spent without the consent of Parliament. In other words, the taxpayer's money shall not be spent without the approval of the taxpayer's representatives—your M.P. and mine.

So, in order to permit the spending of public money, Acts and Warrants are passed in Parliament. In them the way in which money can be spent is very clearly laid down. And that is where the trouble begins.

It is absolutely impossible to devise any Act or Warrant in the case of pensions that would be elastic enough to cover every kind of claim. Legislation must be designed for citizens in the mass. It cannot be drawn up for individuals.

What would your verdict be in a case like this? Following the death of her soldier husband, a widow found herself in difficulties with hire-purchase arrears. On her husband's civilian salary, the payments were not a burden. But now that he was dead she found them beyond her means.

If you maintain that the State should meet such obligations, you would open the floodgates to demands which would bankrupt the nation. A line must be drawn somewhere.

And it is on the other side of that line that voluntary funds and associations stand, ready to give their aid.

In the case of the widow, the furniture company concerned were agreeable to settle the outstanding bill of £42 for £25. The King's Fund—which is administered through the Ministry of Pensions, but which is *quite independent* of the Ministry—provided £10. Other interested voluntary funds made up the remainder.

I could cite hundreds of similar cases. Either you must admit the need for drawing a line somewhere—and if you do, then the value of voluntary funds becomes obvious—or you must expect the State to come down on you with ever-increasing tax demands until, one day, the burden becomes too great and the country's whole financial system crashes in ruins.

Now for another point. Funds such as the King's Fund, the Army Benevolent Fund, the King George's Fund for Sailors and the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund have been so organised that approximately £98 out of every £100 subscribed go to the causes for which the money was given.

I admit that things have been different in the past. JOHN BULL has played its full part in exposing those who started organisations simply to provide the organisers with a comfortable living.

Thanks to these exposures, the position as regards voluntary funds is better to-day than it has ever been.

Now consider the position if voluntary funds did not exist. Every taxpayer would have to foot his share of the bill whether he liked it or not, whereas with these voluntary funds in existence everyone can show gratitude according to his or her wishes and means.

And you would be amazed at the tremendous sums of money which have been sent to the funds from overseas as a token of the admiration and pride which Dominion, Colonial, and foreign citizens feel for us. These funds, in fact, are the only suitable means by which such admiration can be expressed in a practical form.

And we must always bear in mind that the voluntary spirit has played an incalculably important part in our national life. Consider, for example, the work that has been done by volunteers in the canteens run by such bodies as the Y.M.C.A., Women's Voluntary Service, and so on!

It is difficult to imagine what the ordinary Serviceman and woman would have done without the *freely-given*, devoted work of many thousands of volunteers who were animated only by the desire to serve.

Best Instincts of Our Race

This voluntary spirit in Britain is a very wonderful thing that brings all the best instincts of our race into action. If the State took over the financial responsibilities which voluntary funds now assume, the result would be the further weakening of something that is precious beyond price in our national fabric.

I am all for the State helping the ex-Serviceman and his dependants right up to the limit. But there must be a limit, and so many thousands of cases call for help which is beyond the scope of any Ministry. Those cases would go unheeded were it not for the voluntary bodies.

And no sane man can demand unlimited aid by the State unless he is prepared to declare that he would willingly foot the bill for taxes perhaps twice as high as they are now.

To my mind, the case for voluntary funds is unanswerable, and I hope that those who read this will see the logic of that case and, having seen, will never refuse these funds the money they need to carry on the magnificent work that they are doing.

FREE SPEECH

WRONG SIDE OF THE COUNTER

Waste of Wrecked Planes. Christmas Stocking Swindles. Can Women Keep Secrets? Razor Blade Trick. "Lending Library" for Tools. Dislike of the Shift System.

IT IS EIGHT P.M. and I have just finished a typical grocer's day's work. This morning's mail brought two invoices, a demand for rates and electricity, and two queries from suppliers about recent deliveries. Next came the railway carter to inform me, cheerfully, that though there were five cases on the delivery note, he'd brought only four.

More worry, more work, claiming for the missing case and explaining to Mrs. Brown that the stuff I told her was coming any day now has been lost in transit. I managed it—but she took my excuse with a pinch of salt. And that reminded her that she wanted some salt—Mr. Jones, the other grocer, had plenty.

I went on to the telephone to persuade the railway company to collect twenty empty crates (for which I have been charged 7s. 6d. each). They have been awaiting the company's pleasure for the last month. Then came two calls from travellers. One told me not to expect the goods before the New Year. The other said, "Nothing to offer you this time, just a goodwill call."

The Food Inspector arrived soon after with a "severe warning" over some technical infringement of the rationing laws. He also reminded me that tomatoes must have a price ticket, though they are being sold all over the place at 3d. under the controlled price.

And so on and so on . . . tomorrow and the day after. As a sideline I have been serving customers. I am tired. Too tired to laugh at the cartoon in this morning's paper—it's a wisecrack about "under the counter."—N. L. D., Somerset (address enclosed).

Burnt Saucepans

THE FIRST DAY I arrived on this station I watched the burning of five aeroplanes. The engines, instruments and wheels had been removed, but I think it was still a disgraceful waste.

The aluminium could have gone to pots and pans. The frames would have been a joy to thousands of children if they had been set up in the parks of five big towns.—L.A.C. H. LAWRENCE, R.A.F. (address enclosed).

It's a Gift

PERHAPS YOU MIGHT be interested in the contents of a Christmas stocking I bought for a child of two. There was one card of mending wool, an Old Moore's Almanac, a cardboard mouth organ with a hole to hum into, a sweet wrapped in paper. Cost, two shillings.—Mrs. A. J. FARNELL, 4, Billet Cottages, Ash, near Sevenoaks, Kent.

Secret Disservice

THE PROPOSED ADMISSION of women to the senior branch of the Foreign Office will cause many old-timers to shudder. The Diplomatic Service cannot expect to withstand the invasion for ever, but what about the job of keeping secrets—an essential in diplomacy?—G. GREEN, 14, Moscow Drive, Liverpool 13.

Civility Office

MANY TIMES during the war I have felt like giving our local Food Office officials a kick in the pants. After a recent experience I must give them a pat on the back.

I had to spend a week or two in bed and my wife had to run our confectionery business. She made a mistake and over-spent my personal points credit. I wrote out an explanation which my wife took, in fear and trembling, to the Food Office.

She was received by a motherly official who told her the matter was rather serious but we were not to worry. I have since received a polite little note setting my mind at rest.—C. B., Leeds.

Pace is Too Hot

IN A DISTRICT some distance from here there is a very popular curate. His wife died a few months ago and now he is leaving because so many of the more enterprising spinsters and young widows

"Enterprising spinsters and young widows"

have been after him that he has not known which way to turn. He has received "church gifts" of all kinds.—MRS. E., Yorkshire. (Address enclosed.)

Piper Calls the Tune?

WITH ALL possible sincerity I write to thank you for the article "What the Yanks Can't Understand" (JOHN BULL, November 3). I have made so many friends among the Americans in the last year or two that I am delighted to see that Leonard Coulter understands their difficulties in understanding us.

When the Labour Government was returned at the election I had a long and earnest argument with a top-sergeant from Ohio. "If you were an American," he said, "would you be willing to finance Socialism in another country? Would you be prepared to continue lend-lease to help something you profoundly disagreed with? Would you lend a friend five pounds to go for a night out with some cheap blonde who you thought was nasty?"

I don't defend that attitude, but I think it's not easy to answer. How many of us over here would feel the same?—JONATHAN HOLLINS, Queen's Gate, S.W.7.

Joke Over

WHEN I was hitch-hiking from Peterhead to Aberdeen recently I got a lift from a Scots lorry driver.

He apologised for being able to take me only half way and insisted on giving me the 'bus fare for the rest of the journey. I have yet to meet a mean Scotsman.—L.A.C. A. W. CHAPMAN, Alma House, Takeley Street, Bishops Stortford, Herts.

Blunt Instrument?

I BOUGHT SOME razor blades the other day. When they were used, there appeared, printed *inside* the wrapper, "This blade does not comply with the manufacturer's standard of quality and is therefore sold as a reject."—Mrs. M. GELDARD, 74, Dundas Road, Tinsley, Sheffield, 9.

Tool Library

I HATE BORROWING TOOLS as much as I hate lending them, but sometimes, when I want to do an odd job, I have to borrow instead of going to the expense of buying.

I suggest a sort of lending library for tools where people could hire what they wanted at a small fee. — ARTHUR H. JAMES, 19, Beaconsfield Street, Hyson Green, Nottingham.

Quick Turnover

WHEN I WALKED DOWN "Petticoat Lane" in London last Sunday a soldier sold me a wristlet watch for £1 in twenty seconds.

About ten minutes later a man sidled up and tried to sell me a propelling pencil. I sold him the watch for £2.—J. E., Lancaster Drive, South Hornchurch, Essex.

"A lending library for tools"

Pools and Politics

THANK GOODNESS your writer, H. L. Vickery, comes out on the side of the football pools (JOHN BULL, November 3). The majority have put the present Government into power. The majority are in favour of football pools.

If the lawyers are allowed to argue pools out of existence we may as well give up any pretence to democracy.—J. O'CONNELL, Didsbury, Manchester.

Scotsman's Rise

FOR THE PAST YEAR I have been earning £2 5s. a week with 2s. knocked off for income tax. I was nineteen last week and secretly looked forward to a few shillings more.

When I got my post-birthday wages I found I was paid £2 10s., less 6s. tax. So I'm a shilling a week better off now.—J. G., Lanarkshire (address enclosed).

Bottleneck?

WE ARE TOLD that we are short of vinegar because the manufacturers cannot get enough bottles. I took an empty bottle, complete with stopper, to my grocer the other day and he refused to accept it. Are we really short of bottles?—M. PRIOR, 16, Cleaves Terrace, Foundry Road, Abersychan, Monmouth.

Our National Bank

NOW THAT the Bank of England is to be nationalised, would it not be a gracious act to change the name to the Bank of Britain?—ALEX. B. PATERSON, Rosebank, Dunlop, Kilmarnock.

Shear Facts

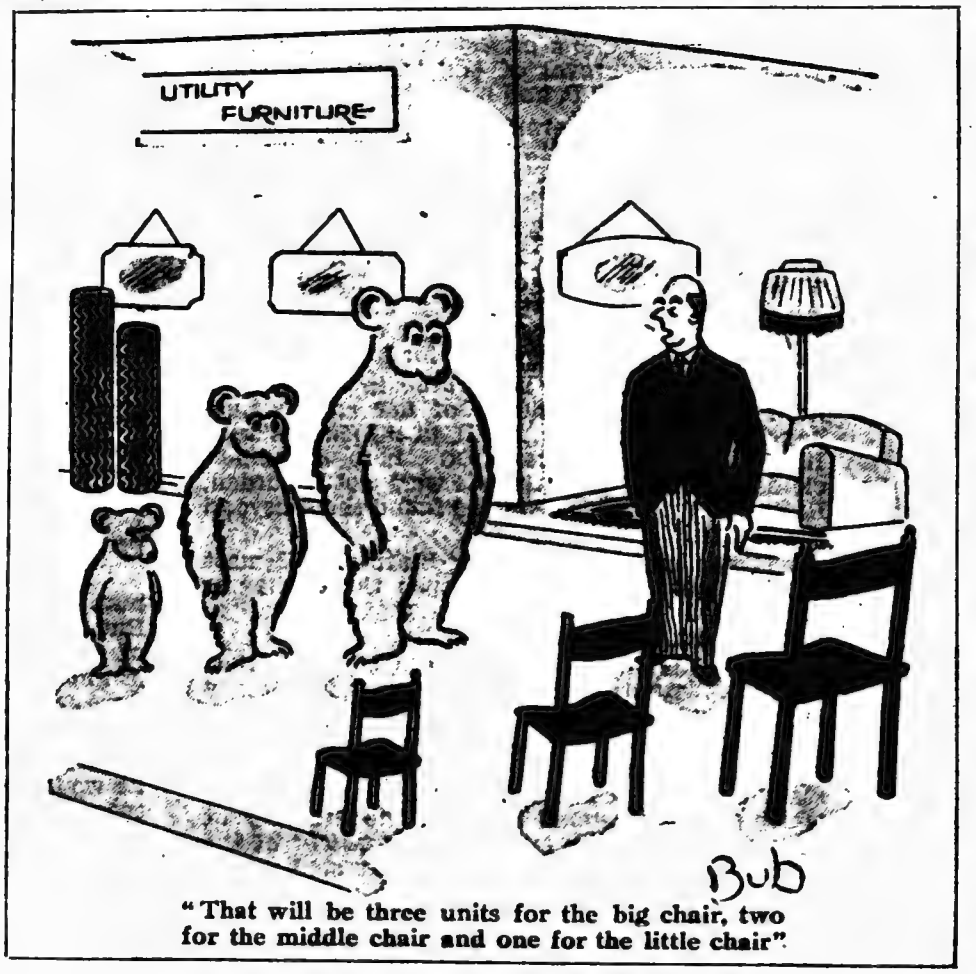
MAY I REPLY to the many readers who have written to me since you published my letter (JOHN BULL, October 6)? Seventy-seven wrote abusively, but only three of them had the common courtesy to enclose their names and addresses.

One man sent his letter in an unstamped envelope. It will, I am sure, please his mean little soul to know that I paid 5d. for it.

As so many of your readers seem to think that I am either a bloated aristocrat or an employer of sweated labour, may I give some facts? I am an ex-Army sergeant; I had a small business in Birmingham, but had to close down as I could not get sufficient stock. I came to live in this country village as I could not afford the city. My sole income is my old age pension and an Army disability pension.

The young lady who wrote to say that her husband had fought for things like me, and that I ought to be shot, will no doubt be delighted to know that I have been—twice. Once in the Boer War, and again in the 1914-18 war (when I was also gassed).

As for my remarks about men who want a full day's pay for half a day's work, I enclose a report of a meeting of the Yorkshire Mineworkers' Association. They say definitely that the only way to



"That will be three units for the big chair, two for the middle chair and one for the little chair"

get increased output is to give the miners a five-day week with six days' pay.—J. SHEAR, Laburnum Cottage, Northwood, Wem, Salop.

Champion of the Under-Dog

HAVING BEEN at one time secretary to the late Sir Martin Archer-Shee, for many years M.P. for Finsbury, I was very interested in your article "Boy Who Defeated the Admiralty" (JOHN BULL, October 13).

Sir Martin Archer-Shee was a whole-hearted champion of the under-dog, whether related to him or not. I am sorry that your article did not give credit to him also for his untiring efforts, which helped materially, towards securing the victory of "a boy over bureaucracy."—HERBERT C. RYLAND, Messrs. Ryland, Clift and Co., 598, Chiswick High Road, W.4.

And When They Get Them

AT THE MOMENT I am the most pampered male in the country. My wife and daughters will apparently go to any lengths to assure my comfort. In fact,

"The most pampered male in the country"

my eldest daughter has just given me her cheese ration.

But I am proof against the wiles of women. My twenty-four clothing coupons are still intact.—D. P., Brindley Ford, Stoke-on-Trent.

Shop Steward Replies

MAY I BE ALLOWED to congratulate Gilbert McAllister on his article on the reformation of industry (JOHN BULL, October 27). As one of the shop stewards to whom he frequently refers, and as spokesman for the men I represent, I heartily endorse all his points except one.

He suggests a shift system which gives a five-day week of thirty-five hours. Our experience of the shift system (necessary during the war when the human element was of secondary consideration to the job in hand) was that it was the most damnable curse that was ever introduced. Nothing could be more successful in destroying the human machine, both mentally and physically, in the least possible time.

Substitute an eight-hour day and a forty-hour week for the shift system and, in my opinion, the "McAllister Plan" is the complete answer to all the industrial problems of both men and management.—STANLEY CARR (Amalgamated Engineering Union Shop Stewards), 53, Ederoyd Avenue, Stanningly, Leeds, Yorks.

No Red Tape Here

I WAS RECENTLY "invalided" back from India. And I want to express my thanks for the efficiency with which the India Office is dealing with cases.

There was no red tape at the medical board. Fullest details for treatment, convalescence, and re-establishment were planned for me.

I suspect that the India Office has a "human touch" because it is mainly administered by civilians. — CAPT. W. C. F., Northwood, Middlesex.

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief

WHOLESALE ROBBERY OF WAR GOODS

W. J. GAGE, JOHN BULL'S Special Investigator, has been looking into recent wholesale thefts of military stores—a shocking sequel to the workers' mighty war effort which built them up. The grave incidents he reports amount to a public scandal

Often food supplies delivered to army depots, as well as to government stores, attract the attention of crooks who supply the Black Market

DURING THE past twelve months there have been more than £1,500,000 worth of unsolved robberies. Many of them have been committed at Government stores, military and naval barracks, R.A.F. depots, and United States food warehouses in this country.

Owing to our police forces being overworked, and, in many cases, Government sleuths having insufficient experience in crime investigation, the thieves have got away with it.

Quite recently 20,000 gallons of petrol vanished from one R.A.F. store. The thieves must have had inside knowledge of the place. The cans were taken from the middle of a large stack. After the robbery, it looked as if nothing had been disturbed. Several days elapsed before the theft eventually was discovered.

Timber, so valuable to builders and Black Market furniture manufacturers, has been stolen from War Department yards and other Government buildings in large quantities during recent months.

In one case, planks of wood worth over £3,000 were stolen during the night. The operation must have taken several hours to carry out, and more than one vehicle must have been used to carry the timber away.

From a Midlands Ministry of Works depot, linoleum and furniture, including newly-made tables, chairs and trestles, worth several thousands of pounds, disappeared after the premises had been securely locked.

Once again the thieves remained untraced.

Investigators Puzzled

Leather jerkins, Army boots and socks, worth over £2,500, were whisked away from a War Department store in a London suburb only a few weeks ago. The investigators in charge of the inquiries are as puzzled to-day as they were in the beginning.

There is a market for everything these days, and crooks do not specialise in any one particular class of merchandise.

Meat, bacon, jam, sugar, tea, tinned fruit, flour, cooking fats, petrol, aircraft accessories, cars, jeeps—and even ambulances—all find their way to men who pay hirelings well for stealing them.

Tin worth £1,500 was recently taken from a Ministry of Supply depot in East London. A large number of dismantled machine-guns disappeared from a Glasgow yard. The men who moved them away in crates may have no wish to assemble them again, but they can profitably dispose of them in parts to metal dealers.

At present, there is a great demand for R.A.F. navigators' watches. They cost the Government £20 to buy, and there is a big Black Market in them. Several R.A.F. stores have been robbed of them.

From an R.A.F. establishment in the Home Counties several hundred watches recently went in one swoop. The thieves got away with £2,000 worth in about an hour.

Special Squad Employed

Thefts of R.A.F. property have become so common that a small but special squad of picked detectives was, a month or two ago, detailed to specialise in them. So far they have not been particularly lucky in tracking down the thieves.

Aeroplane batteries are also in demand. Even aero-engines have been stolen from different depots to the value of between £20,000 and £30,000.

Scotland Yard officers recently investigated a plan to steal the whole of the contents of an airfield piecemeal!

In one prolonged police inquiry about wholesale disappearances from Ministry of Food depots, it was discovered that a gang of Black Market chiefs, working from some undiscovered London headquarters, were paying lorry drivers to co-operate in "arranging" thefts of foodstuffs.

One lorry driver, who volunteered information, said that in all the areas to be covered a special agent was placed so that he could carry out the instructions of his superiors on the spot. After inquiries had been made in various parts of the country, some members of the gang were convicted.

But the leaders are still at large. Though their accomplices never came into actual contact with them, the police have suspicions as to who they are, but cannot get sufficient evidence to justify their arrest.

One, I know, is a man who was mixed up in dubious enterprises many years ago. He had a very long run in the City, manipulating his successful frauds through the medium of several speculative companies. He was eventually caught, but after his term of imprisonment he at once resumed his career. First he engaged in the cosmetics racket and then turned to obtaining all kinds of goods through well-paid agents and selling it in the Black Market. He is still pursuing this racket.

Tea is a commodity that can be turned into big money quickly. Thousands of chests of tea, for example, recently vanished in transit from Hilsea, Portsmouth, to Southampton Docks.

How and by whom the theft was committed is still a mystery.

Two men, however, named William Henry Haywood and Holbrook Franklin, were recently charged at Southampton with receiving forty-four chests of tea, containing 4,400 lbs., knowing them to have been stolen. Both are now in jail.

A hundred chests of tea vanished from a wharfside storage hut a month or two ago. The chests were driven away during the night by a number of men who loaded them into a lorry. That was the last heard of them.

The police theory is that the tea was first taken to one of many disused garages or warehouses outside London used as hiding-places by men in Black Market robberies. Later it was moved to a cellar dump in Soho.

Whisky Vanishes

A number of robberies of Government stores take place at docks. Part of a consignment of 70,000 bottles of whisky and gin, and 215 tons of tobacco and cigarettes, was recently stolen at another docks area.

Big robberies have occurred, and still continue, at Southampton, Liverpool, Salford, Glasgow, Cardiff, and, of course, the London Docks.

The police have a big job on hand to stop this widespread looting. In addition there are hundreds of thefts in which the goods are the property of private firms and individuals.

Now that the Ministry of Labour has agreed to the urgent demands of London and provincial police chiefs for the speedier demobilisation of police officers, it is hoped that closer co-operation will be made between Metropolitan and country police forces to stamp out these robberies. A concentrated police drive is urgently needed.

THIS SECT MAY BE DANGEROUS

Jehovah's Witnesses were often in the news as conscientious objectors during the war. The sect does not attract attention in peace time—but it continues to work quietly in this country to spread beliefs that mean defeatism and doom

by VINCENT BRome

A. D. Schroeder, first "missionary" sent to Britain by Jehovah's Witnesses in America. One of their rites is baptism by total immersion—as shown in this picture, taken when the ceremony was performed in the Leicester swimming baths

THE SECT goes under the flowery title of Jehovah's Witnesses. It prays for the destruction of the civilised world as we know it to-day. It discourages marriage. Other religions are among its chief enemies. Worse still, within its actual organisation there appear to be streaks of the same ideas which once produced the totalitarian State.

This sect is not only firmly established in Britain to-day, but it is flourishing.

We are a tolerant people with a deep belief in freedom of speech and freedom of worship. When we see a cock-eyed notion represented as a full-blown religion we are all too apt to shrug our shoulders and use the word "crank."

That is the danger. The doors of democracy may sometimes be too wide open, and something totally alien to our way of life may slip in.

Gloom and Destruction

Everyone in this country should read and reflect on the story of this sect as told in the book *Jehovah's Witnesses* (Columbia University Press and Oxford; 16s. 6d.).

Herbert Hewitt Stroup, the author, is an American. He has produced a very fair and balanced account of these prophets of gloom and destruction.

The book obviously cost Mr. Stroup much painstaking research. There he had an advantage, because America, the fertile breeding-ground of crank religions, was also the birthplace of Jehovah's Witnesses. The first missionary of the creed to set foot on our shores came from America.

His name was A. D. Schroeder. He came to Britain not many years ago and in a very short time Jehovah's Witnesses had taken root.

At first it was a sickly plant, nourished in the backwoods, but presently it grew and flowered in public. Soon there were no fewer than 17,000 members of the organisation in Britain. You were liable at any time to have a vigorous young man plant himself on your doorstep and tell you he had "a message for you."

What was this message? In 1914, it seems, Jehovah threw Satan out of Heaven and placed Jesus Christ on his throne. In 1918 Christ entered God's temple and offered Himself as the King and Rightful Ruler of the earth.

Now we are approaching the third phase, when a great power will fall upon the evil ones on earth and exterminate them.

One sect and one sect alone is due to survive intact. The spotless fraternity called Jehovah's Witnesses. Some others of us may get by, but we shall be lucky.

If the creed stopped there it could claim some identity with the Christian religion. But look at some of the statements which are part of the doctrine as laid down by its original leader, Judge Rutherford.

"The God or invisible ruler of the British Empire has been Satan the Devil. The fall of the British Empire means the breaking up of the world's civilisation."

And this piece of gentle human kindness: "The fact that one has a brother or sister and mother of the flesh, but who are against the Theocracy, does not mean that the Christian is under any obligation whatsoever to care for or protect such opponent of the Kingdom."

So if you are one of Jehovah's Witnesses and your mother is desperately ill, ignore her if she hasn't seen the light. Or do I read this passage wrongly?

The use of the word Christian here is an audacious piece of misrepresentation. No Christian believes that a mother without faith in, say, the Church of England, should be outcast because of it.

There is worse to follow. The word as laid down by Judge Rutherford is final and unquestionable. The organisation, as it developed, produced a system of cells, called Companies, each with its own captain. Every Witness goes on a card index. No one may criticise the leader.

You can find similarities between this and the totalitarian system, and that may mean anything or nothing. It was Nazism which rang the great bell of German destiny. It urged the people to forget themselves and remember only the call of the race. Jehovah's Witnesses call upon people to forget the everyday world and remember Doom.

They Despise Women

You can pick out resemblances of this kind in a number of other organisations flourishing to-day. That doesn't necessarily condemn them. But does any other organisation despise women, and consider education pointless?

Does any other organisation say that nothing will improve our present-day society, and ask you to abandon all part in public life?

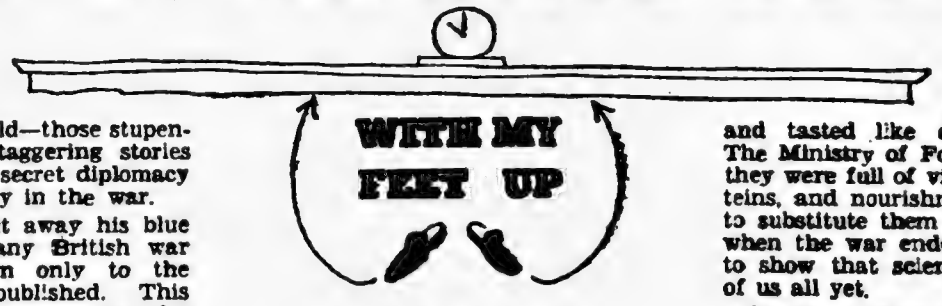
All this appears to be the way of a Witness.

To-day we are on the brink of a great new experiment in social life in Britain. To-day we need the energy and drive of every man and woman in the country.

Are we going to tolerate a sect which sets out to undermine just these qualities? Are we going to stomach a bunch of defeatists who bleat about doom and want us prostrate and wailing, and quite without a will of our own?

Herbert Morrison had the answer in the middle of the war. He arranged for the deportation of Mr. Schroeder, the leader of the British branch of Jehovah's Witnesses.

Certain British Dominions had a better answer. In Canada it became a prison offence to be a Jehovah's Witness. Australia banned the sect because of its subversive influence. We shall have to make up our minds soon.



by IAN FOX

AT LAST they can be told—those stupendous, astonishing, staggering stories of valour, heroism and secret diplomacy that made inner history in the war.

Uncle Censor has put away his blue pencil and already many British war secrets—hitherto known only to the Germans—are being published. This column would lose its reputation for being a jump ahead of competitors if it did not also publish a few startling revelations.

Some cannot yet be told in full. For example, there is the story of the German leaflet saying that General Jodl was to be at a Nazi Party rally. A Swiss spy reported that the Nazi Party rallying cry was to be a general yodel, and almost brought Switzerland into the war.

THEN THERE WAS the story of the occasion when Eva Braun said to Hitler, "It depends what you mean by 'marry'."

Perhaps you read in the papers the other day that two and a half tons of pictures of pin-up girls had been removed from a secret air station formerly occupied by an American unit. One of my narks tells me that these pictures were merely a sort of consolation prize.

A gigantic plot had been contrived to smuggle into this country from America two and a half tons of real live pin-up girls. They were all ready for shipment, packed into crates labelled "Comforts."

UNFORTUNATELY, THE CONTINUOUS rhythmic movement of gum-chewing caused the crates to wriggle and a Customs officer discovered the girls. They were shipped back to America as part of reverse Lend-Lease, and the airmen had to be content with our girls.

Another story, which I am now able to reveal for the first time, concerns atom experiments by Professor Weed. Some months before the atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, the Professor had succeeded in splitting an atom with an old razor blade and a No. 8 battery.

The result, however, was not the most powerful explosive known to man. In fact, the Professor's split atoms looked and tasted like dehydrated parsnips. The Ministry of Food soon proved that they were full of vitamins, calories, proteins, and nourishment, and was about to substitute them for the meat ration when the war ended. Which just goes to show that science may be the end of us all yet.

Another hitherto undisclosed story concerns Irma del Monico, the well-known international spy. She was called on by the War Office to go to Berlin and steal the plans of a new, highly secret jet-'plane.

In order to throw enemy agents off the scent she travelled *via* America, Africa, Australia, New Zealand and China disguised as Noel Coward. Then, posing as Goering's favourite girl friend, she entered Berlin. Her mission was soon accomplished.

ON HER RETURN, however, it turned out that the plans which she had brought were the same ones that she had stolen from a safe in the War Office only a few months before while doing a little pin-money job for Goering.

Eventually, everything ended happily. By asking a high official round for a few drinks she was soon able to regain the plans and sell them to Japan for several million yen and a couple of pounds of rice without points.

JOHN BULL SHORT STORY

The shouting peasant scraped his chair back and shook his fist

Mirage

For Kramer—the little clerk from the Berlin gutters—life was meaningless without his Fuehrer. Then Von Thayer told him about his Leader's plan

by FERGUS O'CONNOR

ILLUSTRATED BY HOROWICZ

THE HEAT WAS TERRIBLE. His shirt lay in hot wetness against his shoulders and back. Continually he took his dirty handkerchief out of the pocket of his torn trousers and wiped the sweat and gritty dust from his neck and face.

His tongue was parched and thick in his mouth. He longed to go into the café across the road from him and buy a drink, but he dare not. A few coins were all that now lay between him and beggary.

He had been here two hours. Two hours in which he had walked and walked, aimlessly searching from one end of the village to the other. Now, as he sat by the side of the road, he felt defeated, hopeless.

He didn't know where to turn, what to do next. Dimly across the years he could remember just such another moment of despair. But from that moment of anguish, hunger and fright he had been rescued.

A saviour had appeared in the lean streets of Germany. From the first he had been Adolf Hitler's man. Wolfgang Kramer had seen Germany raised from the gutters of the world, raised until she bestrode that world with booted feet and terrible armed hand.

KRAMER HAD NEVER spoken to the Leader. He had seen him often, he had listened to his intoxicating voice. But all his burning faith, his worship, had been offered from afar.

During those desperate days of '44 and '45 Kramer had never quite given up hope . . . there was always the Führer. Until one day he awoke to hear that Hitler was dead—that he had killed himself.

Dazed, numbed with a sense of terror, terror that the prop against which he had built his whole life was gone, he had sat at his desk for hours in his half-ruined, rubble-scattered office.

He wanted to kill himself, too. But how? He was a clerk—he possessed no weapons, he had never had any occasion to procure poison—how was he to die?

And then Von Thayer had arrived. Even in that moment of despair, some of his resentment against Von Thayer had wakened in him. This aristocrat, with his thin-lipped smile, his hard stare, had always irritated Kramer.

"So," Von Thayer greeted him, blowing on his cold, stiffened fingers, "So it is the end, Kramer. Germany is finished."

Warily he'd nodded. "Yes, it is the end. The Leader is dead."

GROTESQUELY VON THAYER laughed. "Come, Kramer—you don't really believe that story. Why even our enemies don't believe Hitler is dead—at least the Russians don't."

"What do you mean?" His words were a whispered plea for more.

"Well, my guess is that he's still alive—and probably a darn sight more comfortable than you or I." He laughed. "Our leader talked a little too well and too often about dying. That sort of man never takes his own life."

Of course, Von Thayer was right! What a fool, a weak stupid fool he'd been to believe the Allied report. Suicide was a coward's way out. HE must have escaped. HE was free and safe somewhere. Waiting, planning to help Germany and her people to rise again.

He must find HIM. Go to HIM, for there was work still for Kramer to do.

"Of course, you're right. But where? How are we to find him?"

Von Thayer shrugged. "You're not serious, my poor fool? Even if we did know—if we could find out—how would you propose to start in search of him? You forget that we are prisoners now—you and me and thousands of other Germans."

"Other prisoners have escaped. There are ways, means. . . ."

"Yes, if we had some money, perhaps. But we have no money." Von Thayer pulled at his pockets, turning them inside out.

"I had to get out quickly, and—well, you see how much I was able to take with me."

"I'll find the money. There's money in a safe in the shelter under this office. If it would help him . . . help us to find him. . . ."

"Money!" Von Thayer's cold eyes brightened. "Why with money, Kramer, everything is possible. Unless . . . it's German money?"

"No, some of it is, some is French, some English. None of it is forged. It's real money. . . ."

Then he had seen Von Thayer waken to some of his own excitement. The thin-lipped aristocrat started and almost screamed at Kramer.

"GET IT, MAN. Quickly. . . . I'll keep watch here. If we can get out of Germany. When I think that this morning I thought I was doomed to live here under them. Go on! What's holding you up?"

"You forget, Von Thayer, that we don't know where to look for him."

Dejectedly Kramer had sunk back into his chair.

"Yes, that's true," Von Thayer said slowly. "Of course we must know where we're going."

Maddeningly he'd shoved his hands into his pockets and started pacing the room.

"Von Thayer," Kramer commenced.

"Hush, I'm thinking. . . ."

"God in Heaven! Do you think you know where he might be?"

"THAT'S WHAT I'm thinking of. Any one of a hundred thousand places. Anywhere the Allies wouldn't, or couldn't, look for him.

"Anywhere a man with money and forged passports might reach without—"

Suddenly he stopped still in his pacing, slowly he faced Kramer, his long thin face looked foolish, and his heavy lidded eyes were wide in astonishment.

"I wonder," he said softly under his breath, "I wonder. . . . I thought at the time that it was odd. . . ."

"What was odd?" Feverishly Kramer tried to hurry him.

"I was in the shelter under the Chancellery—about a month before Berlin fell—no, it must have been longer ago than that. I shouldn't really have been there at all. . . . I wasn't sufficiently important.

"But HE was there, too.

"He saw me. He looked at me a long time. I felt uncomfortably that at any moment my head was going to part company with my shoulders. He said something to Goering.

"Goering brought me over to him and he shooed the others away . . He asked me about my work in Brazil. You know, before the war I worked there for the Party.

I DIDN'T LIKE his sudden interest in me. I chattered on, sweating all the time. I was telling him of a curious little village I'd come upon once by accident. . . . Completely primitive. . . . Tucked away between the mountains. . . Hot, dusty, verminous, forgotten. He

showed great attention when I talked about it and asked many questions.

"You mean! You think he might be there!"

"There as well as anywhere."

"We'll go."

Von Thayer smiled, and leaned across and grasped Kramer's shoulders.

"Yes," he said. "We'll go."

It was a long, terror-wrought, bitter journey of many, many months. But Kramer survived it as he had survived the gutters of Berlin from which the Fuehrer had taken him. He stood it better than Von Thayer, maybe, because of those gutters.

Memory came to help him when they needed food, when they must steal, bribe, crouch on their bellies for hours in the driving wind and rain. He, it was, who found their hiding places.

But Von Thayer couldn't take it. Kramer first noticed how his hands had taken to trembling. He watched maliciously and saw Von Thayer's eyes would twitch sideways like a beaten dog's, as he heard feet march outside their hiding place.

Kramer despised him now where previously he had only disliked him. But for all that it was Von Thayer, who, in white-faced fear had made the contact that cost them more than half their hoarded money, but got them eventually out of Germany.

As they had crouched amongst the dirt and filth in the hold of a cargo boat, Von Thayer had collapsed.

Peering through the half light, Kramer could see the shining channel of tears down Von Thayer's dusty face.

"What's the matter? Are you ill?"

Von Thayer had covered his face with his trembling hands. "I'm so tired," he said weakly, "I wouldn't have believed a man could be so tired and still live."

"Then go to sleep, you fool."

"I don't think I'll ever sleep again." Von Thayer's voice was thick with sobs. It made Kramer shudder with disgust. "What's the use of sleeping, or waking? There is no hope in a new day, no rest at night. Everything is finished, broken and dead. Germany will never rise again. You and I are acting like stupid children."

"The Fuehrer will make a place for us again."

VON THAYER laughed. "The Fuehrer. What's left of him has been food for grubs these many months. And good riddance to him. . . . He's the cause of all this misery. By God, if I didn't know he was dead I'd search him out all right and I'd put these two hands around that thick neck of his and squeeze. . . ."

Then it was that Kramer's hand had shot out and clipped Von Thayer hard and swift on the jaw. As he lay, with dazed eyes and bloody mouth, Kramer had taken him by the throat and throttled the life out of him.

In the night, as he sat with Von Thayer's limp body at his feet, a black fear and despair crept upon him. What if this misery that he was self-enduring was useless? Had Von Thayer been fooling him from the start? Had he only wanted to get out of Germany? Had he used Kramer and the money?

No. Surely in that moment of remembrance of his talk with Hitler in the shelter Von Thayer hadn't been lying. It had been real. There was such a village. Von Thayer had shown it to him on the map.

He would go on alone. He would find his Leader. . . .

And on he went. Days in which he travelled until his feet bled, until the shoes fell in broken pieces around his swollen ankles, nights in which he hid and trembled with hunger, fear and cold. . . . But as every day and night brought dangers that miraculously were overcome, his faith began to grow stronger and surer. Hitler was alive.

And the moment when those strange dark eyes smiled on him, and that compelling voice welcomed him and thanked him—in that moment everything that he now endured would be made worth while.

It was early evening when he entered the quiet little village between the mountains. It seemed impossible that this impoverished street of cottages and one or two huddled cafés should house Adolph Hitler, once ruler of the world.

Limping Kramer had walked the length of the village, stepping over grubby, curious children, playing sleepily in the dust, peering into doorways, windows, seeing no familiar face or insignia, hearing no familiar tones, or words.

He was tired, hungry.

He sat on the side of the road. Dazedly, his weary smarting eyes saw pictures in the dust. Banners fluttering, feet marching, drums rolling out proudly, and over all a Voice. . . . A Voice. He heard it now! He heard his name being called. Kramer!

His head jerked back on his neck. He looked wildly up the road.

There was no one there. He was imagining things. . . . It was his thirst. . . . His terrible thirst. . . . He couldn't stand it any longer.

He would go across the road to the café and buy a drink. By to-morrow he would have found his Leader. . . . His Leader would care for him . . . think for him. . . .

He sat, the tepid drink in front of him. When he put out his hand to raise it to his lips it seemed to diminish and move away. Giddily, at last he grasped it.

Across the room two peasants who had been sitting quietly suddenly broke out into furious anger at one another. One harsh voice bit and bit again into the hot quietness of the café.

Wearily Kramer wished that the man would be quiet. He had to think. He had to plan. But the creeping pain of his legs, of his body, his arms, his neck, had now taken hold of his head too . . . was beating in his head to the roll of drums and the thick, warm cries of an excited mob.

The shouting peasant scraped his chair back and shook his fist. Kramer looked at him with anger.

That flat-backed head!

That solid neck!

That half-strut, half walk!

Kramer dropped his glass.

"Mein Fuehrer!" His voice was a hoarse scream across the close air.

The man turned slowly. He was clean-shaven, white-haired, matted with dirt—but those eyes!

A flood of incomprehensible language spat out between the thin lips, the dark eyes looked at Kramer with a sort of sullen amazement, sullen dislike.

The peasant spat, got up and went out into the road.

Excitedly Kramer turned to the other man, but he was giggling with the cafe owner, pointing to Kramer with one hand and touching his head with the other.

He thinks I'm mad, Kramer thought wildly.

"That man," he said to the café owner. "That man who went out just now. He . . . he . . ."

"Oh, him? He comes from the next village. My friend here does not like him."

"He is a German?"

"No." The café owner laughed. "Never!"

"I tell you he is a German. I know him. I know him."

Kramer's feverish eyes glared across the dingy bar. The drums were rolling again through his head, the noise of a thousand shouting voices were deafening him. . . .

"He's dead," said the café owner in astonishment, as he lifted Kramer's dusty head from the floor.

The peasant shrugged. "He was mad—obviously he was mad."

IMMORTAL—AND WHY

by HAROLD BRIGHOUSE

Sir Christopher Wren

In 1616, after the Fire of London, Wren was appointed surveyor general and principal architect for rebuilding the whole City. London needs his like to-day.

His work survives, chiefly, in church architecture. Wren designed fifty-two London churches.

He built the Monument commemorating the Fire. His major achievement was the rebuilding of St. Paul's.

The first church on the site of St. Paul's was built early in England's Christian era, probably in the year 610. But "Old St. Paul's," 690 ft. long, 130 ft. wide, with a timber spire 520 ft. high, was begun under William the Conqueror and finished, for the first time, 200 years later, in 1240.

Old St. Paul's was abused, architecturally and socially. At one time it was a fashionable resort. A "Paul's Walker" was the equivalent of a Bond Street lounger. That attracted pickpockets and worse.

A clean sweep was needed. An attempt to repair the old building was abandoned and Wren was put in charge.

He built St. Paul's. But only a man who was at once artist, philosopher and patriot could have designed that building and could, in face of continuous opposition, have realised in stone his vision of a great cathedral.

The material reward may be noted. During his building of St. Paul's, Wren received £200 a year.

***Famous Names—of people, places and things—are the guide marks to History. In this new* JOHN BULL *series, Harold Brighouse will recall the stories that lie behind them with interesting facts which may be fresh to many of us.*

"LIFELIKE" RADIO IS POSSIBLE—

but the B.B.C. says "Not Yet"

Are you wondering about your post-war radio? A revolution is coming with the introduction of "F.M." (Frequency Modulation) says this writer. It means absolute purity of tone. But the B.B.C. is unprepared for the change

by T. S. DOUGLAS

OPINIONS DIFFER about the quality of the B.B.C.'s programmes. But what about the quality of B.B.C. transmission?

From every part of the country come complaints of feeble or noisy reception. Some listeners can only get their "local" stations. Reception has been even worse since the start of peacetime transmissions, and it shows no signs of improvement.

The B.B.C. has its answer ready, of course. Listeners' sets are not what they were—although why some hundred thousands of them should have deteriorated overnight is not so clear. War shortage of labour and material have made it impossible to service transmitting apparatus.

Investigations show that the unwanted noises are caused by electrical interference in the listener's house or locality. Reception conditions have been exceptionally poor through the summer.

There is some truth in these answers. But the plain fact remains that broadcast reception in Britain, instead of being the best in the world, is poor. And just how poor we don't altogether realise because we are used to it.

While our transmission standards seem to be going back rather than forward, wireless engineers have perfected a method of broadcasting that makes even a tip-top modern receiver seem like a crystal set.

The method is known as Frequency Modulation—F.M. for short. It sets a standard of realism and fidelity in broadcast programmes that listeners in Britain have so far only dreamed about. And it means that outside noises are banished for ever.

Vacuum cleaners, passing trams and trolley buses and even distant thunderstorms can carry on their private broadcasts of crackles and hums without affecting the F.M. reception in the least.

In the United States they are going all out for F.M. Listeners who have had the chance of comparing F.M. with A.M. (Amplitude Modulation, the present standard system) are backing F.M. for the future.

"You might be in the same room as the orchestra." "Unbelievable fidelity." "The real reproduction of sound, at last." These are the sort of comments that are made. These comments don't come from a minority of technical men, either.

"It Sounds Different"

More than half a million American listeners who don't know the difference between F.M. and A.M. except that "it sounds different" have bought the special type of set needed for listening to F.M. broadcasts.

Fifty transmitters have been broadcasting on F.M. for their benefit. The major networks have put out programmes on such transmitters. When the Federal Communications Commission, which controls transmitters and wave-lengths, considered the post-war position, they had before them 275 applications to set up F.M. transmitters.

The Commission had no difficulty in deciding the future of F.M. They saw it as the only possible broadcast system of the future and took the sensational course of recommending its use on a new band where 90 different "channels" will be immediately available.

These transmissions will not interfere with the usual A.M. broadcasts. For the next few years, A.M. and F.M. will broadcast side by side, while the American radio industry produces new receivers or adapting units to re-equip 60,000,000 sets.

The changeover will not only give the listener new standards in reception. It will produce the biggest "boom" the U.S. wireless industry has known.

Meanwhile, all we know in Britain is that the B.B.C. is experimenting with F.M. at Alexandra Palace.

B.B.C. is Slow

Experiments have been going on for months. But the B.B.C. is slow in giving us a new standard of reception. F.M. is as far ahead of the present standard as pneumatic tyres were ahead of solid ones. The revolution in British broadcasting has apparently been indefinitely postponed.

There are, no doubt, strong arguments for postponing new ideas. The authorities would argue that we haven't the men or materials to re-equip transmitters and receivers necessary for F.M.

In actual fact, the present is, from many points of view, the ideal time. Transmitters have to be re-equipped anyway.

Hundreds of thousands, possibly millions of listeners are waiting to buy new receivers. But they are waiting for something better than utility.

Common-sense suggests that now is the opportunity for the improved system. And, in the long run, it would be an economy. As more listeners bought new sets, the A.M. system would fade out, leaving the country covered by a network of F.M. stations.

Uncertainty about the date is bad. The listener will hesitate about buying a new A.M. set in case F.M. comes in a year or two. Manufacturers will naturally go cautiously with the prospect of being "stuck" with a lot of A.M. sets that nobody will want.

The fact that we are still manufacturing an obsolete set will adversely affect our exports.

Who is going to pay for the considerable sum, perhaps running into millions, necessary for the construction of F.M. transmitters?

The question is inevitable. The revolution is going to cost money. But experts say it is not beyond the means of the B.B.C. if it is allowed to enjoy the whole of the sum paid by listeners, less the very small cost of collection.

Before the war there was a tendency for the Government to regard the 10s. a year paid by the listener not so much as a fee for entertainment as a form of taxation.

So far the B.B.C., unlike a commercial undertaking, has financed all installations and plant out of income. It has been allowed no "capital" expenditure. Obviously the B.B.C., with a monopoly in Britain, could obtain a loan for capital expenditure as cheaply as the Government.

The question of cost, therefore, does not present difficulties.

F.M. would bring a greater number of "channels" for broadcasting. Into a given waveband, you can get three or four times as many F.M. transmissions without danger of interference. In the United States, they believe F.M. will permit the operation of 2,000 to 5,000 stations instead of the present 900.

Whether some of these additional channels should be used for commercial radio is a matter of policy. But even if the answer, as seems likely, is "No," they still give the opportunity of covering the country efficiently with a network of transmitters. First-class reception would be assured. Radio listening would not depend on which station "comes in best."

So far, I have not mentioned the difference between F.M. and A.M. It is a technical matter, but no bother to the listener. You would turn the knobs and move the switches on your receiver in exactly the same way.

Roughly the difference is that in A.M. you get variation of intensity to produce the different signals, while the "beam" remains motionless. The varying signals are taken to your aerial on a carrier-wave, and because atmospherics and "interference" signals are of the same kind, they are received also.

Power is Constant

In F.M., the signals are conveyed by variations in the "beam" while its power remains constant. No carrier wave is required and the atmospherics and interference signals being of a different kind can be simply filtered out.

F.M., curiously enough, was one of the earliest systems tried with wireless. It was abandoned because of technical difficulties and A.M. adopted.

Major E. H. Armstrong, inventor of the super-het., was always convinced that F.M. was the sensible method. He worked for years, taking up where the pioneers had left off. In 1935, he solved the problem. The new F.M. dates from then, so we have already had ten years to think about it.

Now is the time to take action.

WHERE SPORT IS NATIONALISED

Before the war, Russia spent 600,000,000 roubles on sport for the people. How State-controlled sport works and what it achieves are discussed here

ARSENAL PLAYING MOSCOW SPARTAK. Wooderson running against Pugachevsky in the mile, Woodcock boxing Novosardov—these are some of the fixtures we might have if Soviet Russia should abandon the "splendid isolation" in which she has carried on her sports since the Revolution.

Look through the list of world Athletic records and Olympic games winners, and you will not see the description "U.S.S.R." But Russia in the last twenty years has become one of the premier sporting nations of the world. If she entered a full team at the next Olympic games, she would certainly score many successes.

In pre-revolutionary Russia there were just thirty sports clubs. The only widely practised sport in which the Russians excelled was wrestling. To-day there are 30,000 groups, circles and clubs concerned with sport, while in the last year before the war the State spent 600,000,000 roubles on sport and physical culture. This is just three and a half times as much as Tsarist Russia devoted to elementary education.

There are now 650 stadiums, ranging from the great Dynamo Stadium in Moscow—which is larger than Wembley—to moderately sized ones such as that of Drasnodon, destroyed by the Germans and already rebuilt in their spare time by 4,000 workers from the surrounding mines. The number of sports grounds was last given as 7,000

Sport in the U.S.S.R. is nationalised. Sixteen years ago the Central Executive Committee of the U.S.S.R. felt that sport and physical culture were too important to be left to the rather haphazard control of the many physical culture councils set up after the Revolution. Accordingly the All-Union Council of Physical Culture was set up. This is the supreme authority on all sports throughout the U.S.S.R. It is the M.C.C., Football Association, L.T.A., Jockey Club, and many other bodies rolled into one.

Where there is no international competition it is difficult to compare standards, especially in the case of such games as association football, which has steadily gained in popularity during the last fifteen years.

In athletics, the Russian records, like 4 min. 4.1 sec. for the 1,500 metres, and 13 ft. 8 in. for the pole jump, imply that any Russian athletic team flying to London could press our best men.

In football, the best Russian teams are probably at least equal to our Amateur Cup Finalists, although probably not yet as good as most of the First Division League teams. One difficulty about international matches is the fact that the Russian football season starts just as ours ends, and finishes when ours is just getting into full swing. The Russians are accustomed to hard grounds and a fast ball.

The favourite Russian sport still remains chess—with draughts not far behind. Whereas our soldiers overseas wanted to hear the Cup Tie results or the winner of the Derby, the Russian troops gathered round the radio to hear a running commentary on the chess championships in Moscow. Almost every move of every game was broadcast.

Sport in the U.S.S.R. is looked upon primarily from the point of view of the player and not the spectator. Significantly, the stands of the largest stadiums are uncovered. Russians play the game for its own sake, but they believed that their 600,000,000 roubles bring rich dividends.

In the ten years after sport was nationalised the average height of Moscow schoolchildren had increased by two and a half inches and chest measurements by over an inch. Army recruits provided another test. Average height increased by [illegible] inch, chest measurements by seven-eighths of an inch and weight by six pounds.

J. V. GUERTER.

DRY SCALP can ruin your hair

Here's a Tonic Hair Dressing that *destroys* this enemy to healthy, handsome hair

One of the worst enemies of thick, healthy hair is Dry Scalp. It makes hair dull, lifeless, dry. Scurf and dandruff follow. Very soon you may begin to notice your hair is falling. What's to do?

The best way to avoid these dangers is to massage 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic gently into the scalp. A few drops are sufficient.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is tonic and dressing combined. If you want a healthy head of hair, and want to avoid Dry Scalp, be sure you use it regularly. It also keeps the hair smooth and tidy and always in place.

Get 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Price 2/7¼ (including purchase tax).

The supplies of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic are not yet at pre-war level, so please be patient if you cannot always obtain it easily.

TRADE Vaseline MARK
BRAND
HAIR TONIC
ENDS DRY SCALP

Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Ltd.

P.S. Don't forget to use 'VASELINE' SOAPLESS SHAMPOO
8870-12a *6d. a packet (including purchase tax)*

Together again

The time is drawing near when the family, reunited at last, will once again assemble round the fireside. There, in happy harmony with the laughter and the talk, the dancing flames will mingle with the friendly sparkle of the grate. . . . It's so easy to keep grates bright with Zebo. A rub-over and a quick polish—that's all.

ZEBO

Liquid Grate Polish

Reckitt & Sons, Hull & London

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

Protects the home from germs

KH 105-861 *Selling Agents:* HUDSON & KNIGHT LTD.

FOUR SQUARE for me-it's pure tobacco!

Will you want freedom to listen?

The B.B.C. may satisfy you for 90% of your listening. The point is, will you want the ability—and the *right*—to listen to foreign stations if you choose? If you do, look for, demand, insist on radio sets that give you such freedom. Freedom is easier to lose than to get back.

MURPHY RADIO

The remedy for Constipation & its worries ...

Only those who have suffered from constipation can realise the depression it may cause. This tendency to worry is just as much a result of constipation as the familiar sick headache or stomach upset. But if you take Beecham's Pills to encourage a thorough but gentle bowel action, you will banish both the cause of the symptoms and the worry that goes with them.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

Beecham's Pills

The Reliable Tonic

"I find that Iron 'Jelloids' are a wonderful pick-me-up."
Mr. H. J. B.

Iron Jelloids

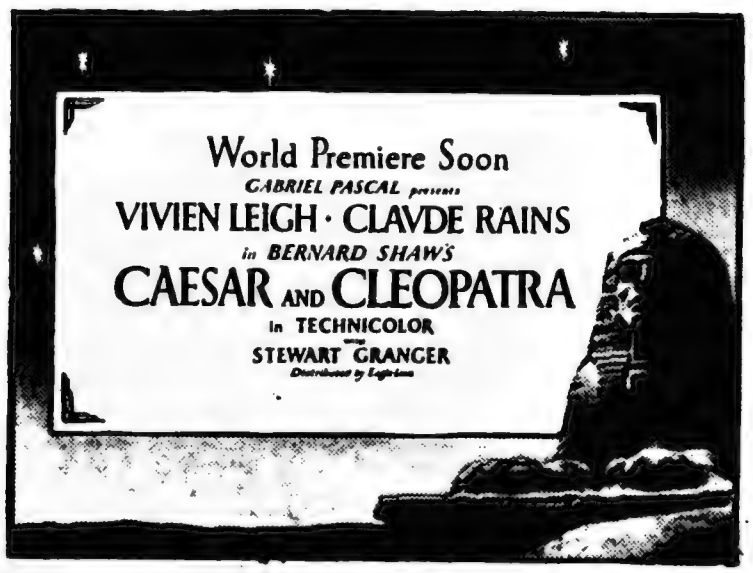
make you feel better every day in every way

If you feel you need a tonic, take a course of IRON 'JELLOIDS,' the *reliable* Tonic for Men, Women and Children. Although production is still restricted, your usual chemist should be able to supply you.

One price only
1'4
including Purchase Tax

Remembrance Day, Nov. 10
Give generously

GROWING UP ON—
CADBURYS
BOURNVILLE COCOA



How to get a MACLEAN SHAVE

1 *Wet the beard thoroughly.* **2** *Put a little cream on your chin with finger tip.* **3** *Lather with plenty of water on brush.*

Just try the quick lathering properties of Macleans Shaving Cream and notice its soothing effect on your skin. See how economical it is, too. A very little Macleans gives you the easiest, smoothest shave you ever enjoyed.

1'3 PER JAR

Competitions Calling!

HOME TO THEIR HOBBY

A JOYFUL reunion with the family, a welcome return to the old job—that is what most men in the Services long for. But for many there is something else to look forward to—the opportunity of joining the many demobbed men who have made a prize come-back in their favourite hobby of *John Bull's* famous Competitions. Many civilians, too, have resumed their entries after being prevented by war work from giving time to their hobby. Of these, "Bulleteer" J. B. Beggs, Belfast, made a £100 come-back by summing up the returning servicemen's feelings in the First Prize effort, FELT LIKE A LORD — TOMMY — PLAIN "MR." AGAIN!

£100 Winner S. Plumley.

The following week's First Prize was captured by the disabled ex-soldier you see here, S. Plumley. Since his discharge from the Army last June, this £100 winner has been working for the L.M.S. and living with his wife and two children at 3, Lewthwaite Court, Carlisle.

"As Londoners we are looking forward to getting back when we can find a home," "Bulleteer" Plumley told *John Bull*. "This big prize will be just what we need to furnish it.

"First Prize ideas are all around you in everyday life and happenings," were this winning reader's words of encouragement to his fellow-competitors. "Keep on trying, enter regularly and never be without *Bullets Bulletin*."

A copy of *Bullets Bulletin*—that bright little budget of news, views and hints, can be yours for a 2½d. stamped addressed envelope. Enclose one with your *Bullets* this week.

Lance-Corporal's £500

To L./Cpl. T. W. Parry, A Coy. No. 5 P.T.C., Winston Barracks, Lanark, goes the honour of heading our 1,500th *Bullets* prize-list. He wins £500 for this telling comment: Wiser World—All Sharing "The Secret."

Congratulations to this "Bulleteer" for so neatly compressing a double truth into four words. Surely, as he says, sharing the world's resources, *including* atomic power, is the secret of international wisdom.

Other Winners

Second Prize of £25: Poor Britannia—"Passing" Panama, Not Hat! (*Mrs. O. C. Halton, 4, St. Chads Rd., Mauldeth Rd., Withington, Manchester*). Third Prize, £10: Poor Britannia—Another "American Bride" Stranded? (*Pte. E. Trollope, 48, Bostock Ave., Northampton*).

Gasping For Life—Humanity—Own Hands Throttling! (£9, *R. Brown, 19, Lansdowne Ave., Leigh-on-Sea*); Ought To Be Hounded—Cur Selling Ex-serviceman Pup. (£8, *S. Davis, c/o 9, Sweyne Ave., Southend-on-Sea*); Up To Democracy—What Diplomacy's Up To (£1, *G. W. Craig, 44, Queensberry House, Friars Lane, Richmond*); Wiser World—Or Idiots In Rubble? (£8, *A. J. Prince, 68, Huntingdon Rd., Southend-on-Sea*); Coughs And Sneezes—"Fight" Horizontally—Soon, "Champion." (£5, *J. Boyd, 87, Gould St., Ayr, Scotland*); Up To Officialdom's—Deaf Ears, Forms Piling! (£5, *Mrs. M. Elliott, 129, Chillingham Rd., Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne*); Turned Out—Nice Again, Gentle Germans! (£5, *Mrs. P. Franklin, 79, Jesmond Terrace, Whitley Bay*); Gasping For Breath—Orchestra—Conductor Swatting Fly! (£5, *J. Moss, 15, The Green, Calne, Wilts*); Ticklish Situation—Magician's Rabbit Nibbling Braces! (£5, *S. C. Slaughtern, 4a, Grove Rd., Sutton, Surrey*); Not So Good—Goalkeeper's Night In Four-poster! (£5, *L. S. Taylor, 5, Egremont Rd., West Norwood, S.E.27*).

A list of 20 winners of £2 and 200 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. All prizes have been posted including 1,500 Merit Awards.

Rules of Contests

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Two free *Bullets* allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O., make payable to *John Bull*, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in *John Bull* dated Dec. 1, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

GILBERT WILKINSON ILLUSTRATES A 'BULLET'

Death Or Glory
–For Dad–
"Banner," Wallpaper!

When
"Golden Shred"
reappears upon the breakfast table you will know that
The World's Best Marmalade
is being made again
Until then the Marmalade to buy is
J.R.

James Robertson & Sons (P.M.) Ltd.
Golden Shred Works
London, Paisley, Manchester, Bristol.

CLUES FOR £100 CROSSWORD

THE result of many readers' requests is here—a *John Bull* Crossword Square again, with a £100 First which you can win for answering only 14 Clues.

Runners-up will share Awards value £25—and to each winner of a prize value 5s. or more, a 4-lb. Christmas Cake will be posted in good time for December 25.

Across

1. Wheels occasionally make marks on
2. It takes some time to learn how to run one
4. Will one day, we hope, make sword appear old-fashioned
8. A lot of this can make a story very wearisome
9. Might be really worthless, though made of brass
11. Some council election addresses tend to be this
12. Often the cause of self-denial among younger folk
13. Follows certain people about from place to place

Down

1. You can place no reliance on this unless it's true
3. Incompetent doctor's this is difficult to swallow
5. Runner in strict training may not be allowed to do this
6. Officer knows good, stout sergeant isn't easy to
7. Possession of this gives a country power
10. It's very annoying not to see this until too late

Xword 452 Result

WINNING WORDS: 1. Metals. 2. Finds. 3. Melt. 4. Purse. 5. Steep. 6. Solo. 7. Hit. 8. Tide. 9. Dine. 10. Fall.. 11. Peace. 12. Taxes or Taxis. 13. Levity. 14. Mad.

£100 SHARERS: M. Goodman. 13, Halifax Street, Sydenham, S.E.26; W. Roberts, 26, Railway Terrace, Penrhiwceiber, Glam. Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 12 entrants.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS"

TO make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example* from end of list, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

HOUSING FAMINE
TO BRIGHTEN THE FUTURE
DOCTOR DALTON
THANKS TO UNCLE SAM
KEEP ON SAVING AND
LIFE'S CANDLE
REMAINS UNCONQUERED
MILLSTONE OF DEBT
ON TRIAL
I'D BE RICH IF
IN HIS KIT-BAG
DARBY AND JOAN
TAKEN ALL ROUND
TOUGH
OLD-FASHIONED IDEA
ROOM TO SPARE

Christmas Prizes

First Prize £250; Second, £25; Third £10; 10 of £5; 10 of £2 10s. All cheques plus Christmas Dinner Award. 100 4-lb. Christmas Cakes; 1,500 Merit Awards.

For full details, see *Bullets Bulletin*, obtainable as directed on coupon.

OUR COUNCIL
CAUGHT A COLD
DAD'S LUCK
LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

INCOMPLETE "EXAMPLES"
See instructions.

RUSSIA'S .....
HEARD IN THE.....
FINISHED .....
MIGHTY .....
MADE FOR.....
IF ..... STRUCK

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" 1504 (or XWORD 456), "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

HOW TO ENTER FOR "JOHN BULL'S" £100 XWORD

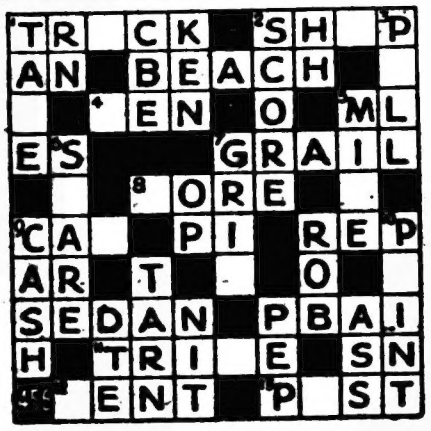
Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

ENTRY FEE—4d.
For this one Square, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d., to cover also cost of printing, despatch and posting to you of *John Bull's* interesting and helpful *Crossword Gazette* dated Dec. 1. If no *Gazette* required, one additional plain-paper list of Answers allowed.

I enclose 6d. P.O.

No.....

456 Closing Postmark MON., NOV. 19.



Signed.....

Address .....

.....

POST THIS "BULLETS" COUPON BY MON., NOV. 19

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET _____

For £50 "Bulletin" dated Dec. 1, enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope

I enclose P.O. value .....
No. .....
1,504 Closing Postmark MON., NOV. 19.

Signed .....
Address .....
.....

It's CHAMPION'S MALT VINEGAR

It's Best in BOTTLE!

CHAMPION & SLEE LTD.
LONDON - MANCHESTER - LEITH

Time and time again a skin trouble which seemed as though it would never heal, has taken a sudden turn and quickly cleared up. The skin that was sore and erupted is clean and healthy again. Days and nights of torment are ended; and all because someone said "Get some Dettol Ointment." This soothing, healing, germ-killing ointment contains in active form the bactericidal ingredient of the famous antiseptic Dettol.

Take my advice . . get some DETTOL BRAND OINTMENT

From all Chemists, price 1/5, *large size* 3/4½, *including tax.*

FOR QUICKER, SMOOTHER, COOLER SHAVES

Change to COLGATE Brushless SHAVE CREAM

Change to Colgate Brushless and enjoy the finest possible shave. You'll find nothing to touch it for softening up beards (even with cold water) — for smooth, cool shaving without sting or burn

1/6 & 2/6 Including Tax

VIRONITA ENERGY

WHY VIRONITA DOES YOU GOOD

because it contains in palatable form:

1 IRON to enrich the blood

2 MALT & PHOSPHATES and other valuable ingredients to promote health generally.

3 HERBAL EXTRACTS to stimulate the appetite and aid digestion

VIRONITA
VYRO-NIGHT-A

M. CALTHORPE & Co., Ltd., Mfg. Chemists, OSSETT.

For a clean healthy system INNER CLEANLINESS comes first

For deepdown Inner Cleanliness, take Andrews regularly — not necessarily every day but as often as the system needs its health-giving aid. See how Andrews cleanses:

FIRST . . . Andrews refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue.

NEXT . . . Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion.

THEN . . . Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

FINALLY for Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the bowels, relieves constipation and purifies the blood.

ANDREWS
THE IDEAL FORM OF LAXATIVE
Family size tin 2/-
Guaranteed to contain 8 ozs.

(59-14)

write to JOHN BULL about it

Continued from page 3

CIVIL DEFENCE GRATUITIES

fore these permits and dockets are issued. When the need is really urgent the local town hall may be able to help by the loan of essentials such as bedding, crockery and minimum furniture. If you find further difficulties I should advise you to consult the Citizens' Advice Bureau.

Soldier's Defence Service

"I HAVE SERVED nearly two years in the Army since 1941 and nearly two years more in full-time Civil Defence. Have gratuities for these services been paid yet? Or do I have to claim?"

✓ Yours is a double question. For a war gratuity you have to apply upon a special form which you can get from any post office.

You should not apply for gratuity for full-time Civil Defence service. In due course you will receive an entitlement form from the local authority which employed you This form must be filled in and returned. Later on, a Savings Bank book will be issued in your name, but it will take considerable time to deal with all the cases.

If you have changed your address since the end of the war you should let the authorities know where you are. Otherwise, wait patiently till your turn comes.

Demob for Miners

"I WAS CALLED UP in May, 1941. In April, 1944, I volunteered for work in the coal mines, where I still am. I am forty-one years of age. Will you tell me when my demob. group comes along? Also about war gratuities and post-war credits?

"Shall I be able to leave the mines when I get demobbed? I would like to know just where I stand."

✓ I wish I could give you a definite date, but the subject is still under consideration. That means that you will have to carry on until some decision is reached.

There was a question asked about the subject in Parliament in October, and there will no doubt be more demands for a clear ruling on the matter.

While you remain on release from the Services for work of national importance your age and Service group count for nothing. You are expected to keep on working as long as you are needed.

An announcement is to be made later about war gratuities and post-war credits for men who were released for industry. Scores of other men are asking the same question, but you will just have to wait in patience.

Back-Dated Allowance

"I KNOW THAT income tax is based upon the year ending April 5, and I know also that an allowance of £50 is granted for a child. But my wife and I are wondering what happens in the case of our child, born in March.

"Are we granted the full allowance of £50, or do the officials grant a proportion?"

✓ You will be pleased to learn that the allowance dates back to the April 6 preceding the arrival of the child.

When a child is born in March the dependant's allowance dates back eleven months before the birth. If he is born in April there is no dating back at all.

The £50 is an additional income tax allowance and is usually arranged by increasing the P.A.Y.E. code number by ten points. If you have not already done so, you will shortly receive a notice of assessment for 1944-45. I advise you to examine it carefully because it should reveal an over-payment which will eventually be refunded to you.

You should notify the Inspector of Taxes of the date of birth of your child.

Calling-up Students

"MY SON, aged eighteen, is a full-time student at a college, studying for a degree. If he is called up to serve in the Forces, is there any Government Order that will assist and support him when he is demobilised?"

✓ A full-time student who is working for a degree can get his call-up deferred under the National Service Acts. Your son should not apply personally for his deferment. It should be dealt with through the college or university which he is attending.

He will have to attend for his "medical," of course. When he does so he should notify the clerk or inform the Exchange within two days that he wishes to apply for deferment.

If his examinations are to be held within nine months of the date of his "medical," he will be allowed to continue his studies. When the war was on only students of science and medicine were allowed this postponement of service.

If the boy is called up, thus interrupting his studies, he can get financial assistance on his release. This can be obtained under the Further Education and Training Scheme administered by the Ministry of Labour.

The Quick Way TO A NEW SENSE OF ASSURANCE

Try this O-syl Hygienic Treatment and see how *fresh*, how assured you'll feel . . . how much lovelier your skin will look.

1. Use an O-syl mouthwash every morning —and start the day *fresh*.
2. Add a little O-syl to your washing water —and feel *fresh* till night.
3. At night wash your face in hot water to open the pores, follow with a cold dilution of O-syl and water, dabbed on with cotton wool—then you'll be free of spots and blemishes and your skin will look *fresh* always.

Remember O-syl is a medical product.

O-syl

Large family size 1 11¼ also 7d. Inc. Tax

the drop-by-drop ANTISEPTIC

TWO DROPS OF O-SYL ARE OFTEN ENOUGH

CONTEMPT OF CAT

"Even the sparrows laugh at me. Even they know I'm not well."

"Strike me tortoiseshell if it isn't 'Tibs'! Somebody loves me after all."

"Look out, sparrows! I'm on 'Tibs' and I feel tough. You'd better keep a civil tongue in your beaks from now on."

TIBS keep cats kittenish

Remember the rule —one powder a day. 'Tibs' are tasteless in food or drink. From all corn merchants and chemists, in packets of nine for 7d.

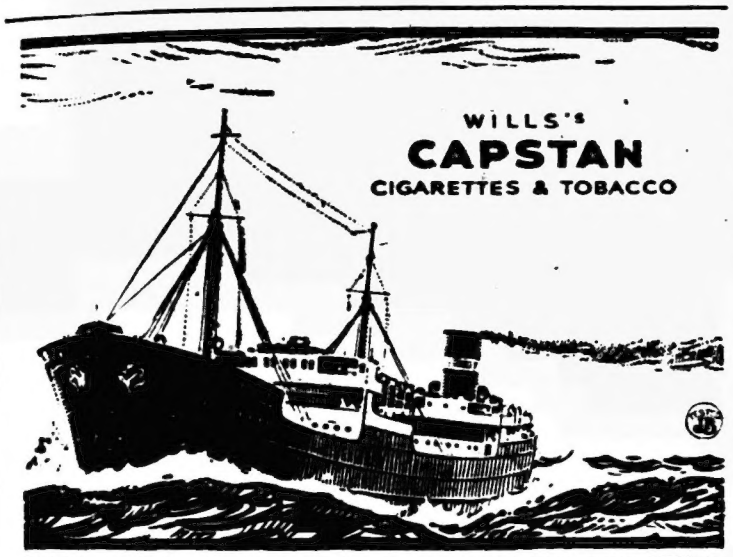
A product of Boy Marlow Ltd., Stockport

23P (Rev.)

FOR LOVELY LIGHT PUDDINGS use plain flour and BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER
The Best in the World

4 STAR ★★★★ LAVENDER SCENTED PASTE CLEANSER
SMOOTH - SWIFT NON-SCRATCH
For BATHS PAINT WORK SINKS HANDS

9d. Tins
NO COUPONS
A GRE SOLVENT PRODUCT



W.D. & H.O. WILLS, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. CCT703M

Keeping Your Youthful Radiance and Charm

A LOVELY skin, bright eyes, an attractive figure, and physical charm—these reflect that "inner health" which Bile Beans help to create. So start taking Bile Beans regularly at bedtime.

Bile Beans keep your blood-stream healthy, tone up the system, and daily remove all digestive wastes and other harmful impurities.

With the resumption of dances and other social occasions you are certain to want to look your radiant best—so remember—

Take Purely Vegetable Bile Beans

JOHN BULL'S GREAT BOOK OPPORTUNITY FOR EVERY READER

What to do in an Emergency!

EVERYBODY'S FAMILY DOCTOR

LOOK at just a few of the thousands of subjects dealt with in this book:

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